The Bystander, June 25, 1913.—No. 499. Vol. XXXVIII.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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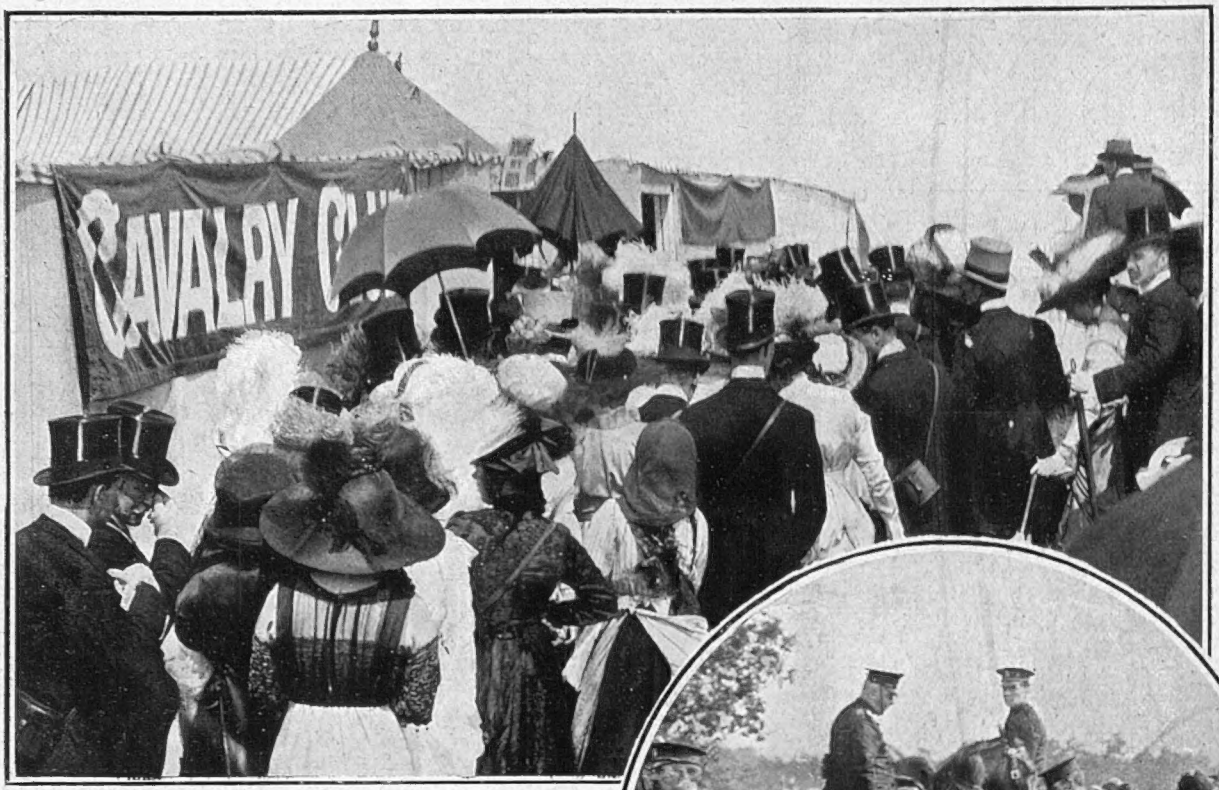
Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

THE SCENE IN THE ASCOT PADDOCK, 1913

Which was, if possible, a shade more brilliant than in any recent year, thanks largely to the constant presence of King Sol and many other lesser luminaries

Incidents at Ascot



THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS OF THE MEETING

That is, the getting into lunch, without which Ascot would be absurd. The hungry ones are members, with their friends, of the Cavalry Club

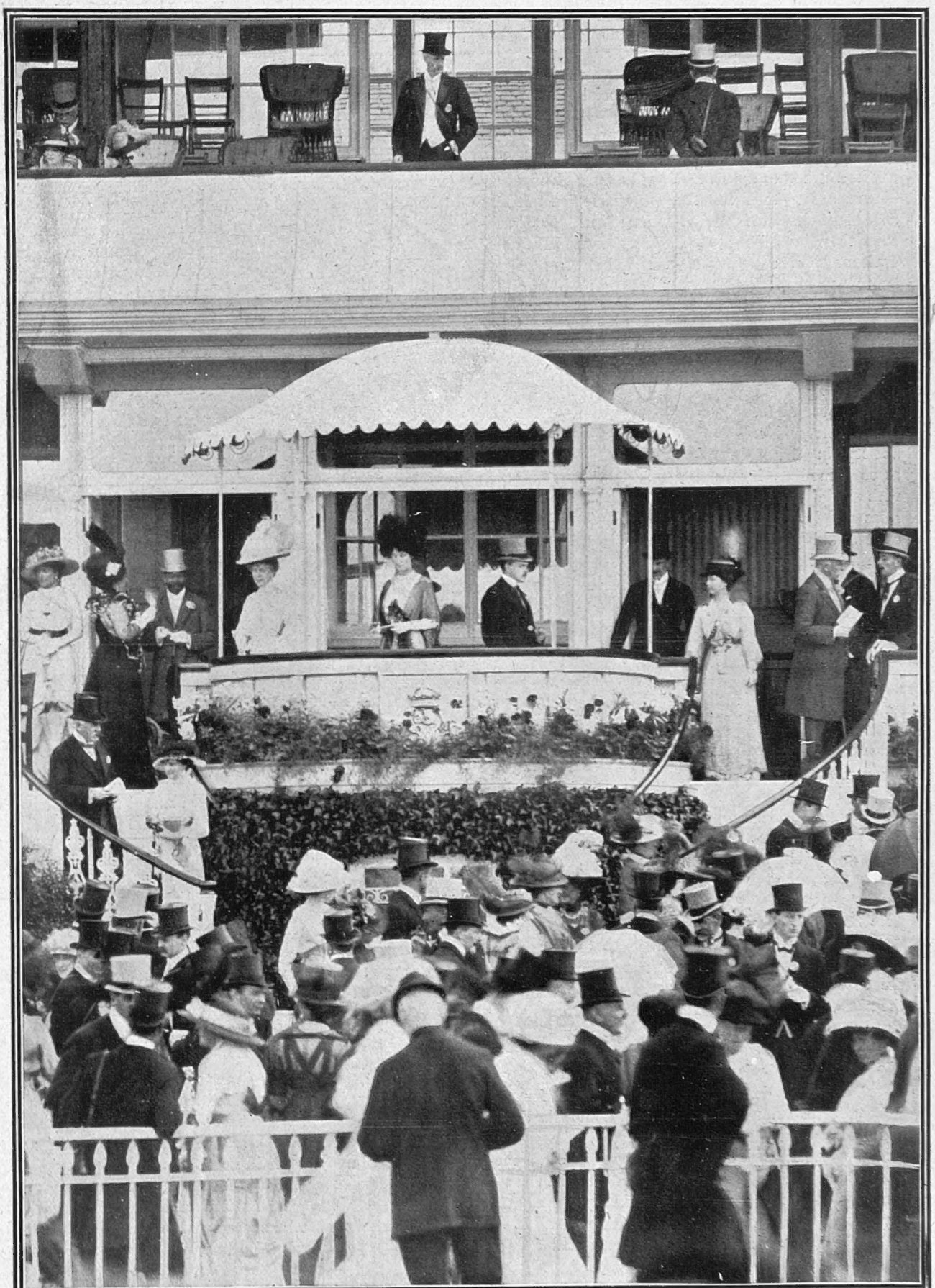
On the right is a photograph of the Ascot "sensation," the stopping of Tracery and the throwing of Whalley, the jockey, by a fanatic, whose own injuries proved critical. Whalley miraculously escaped injury

SPECTATORS ON THE COACHES

This year, the Coaching Club Enclosure was moved a hundred yards or more down the course, so that the spectators were immediately opposite the Royal Enclosure, and commanded a view of the race at the winning-post

The Peculiarly Royal Part

OF ROYAL ASCOT—THEIR MAJESTIES' BOX



Photograph *Sport and General*

The King and Queen, in accordance with the time-honoured custom of English Royalty, attended the Ascot meeting last week, and were accompanied by a large number of guests. The above photograph shows, on the left in the Royal Box, King George, who is evidently enjoying a joke, next to him Queen Mary, and Dom Manoel (looking towards the right)

THE BYSTANDER AT ASCOT

SOCIAL CHANGES AT THE ROYAL MEETING

Then—and Now

"Everyone with any claim to social glory must, of course, be seen at Ascot." So I wrote in these columns six years ago, and so I was about automatically to write to-day when my pen paused to ask itself whether the same thing is true of anything—even Ascot—that was true six years ago. It was a commonplace then to talk of the rush for Enclosure tickets: of the attempts to secure them by craft or graft: of the awful humiliation of not being "enclosed," or of the need to go to the Continent to provide the desired excuse, and all that sort of thing. Is it truly all to be said over again, and, if not, why not? The first question I have to answer in the interrogative. Is Society in these days as concerned as it was with its whereabouts? Does it not rather exist in a liquid rather than a solid state?

* * *

Absent and Present

Ascot is, it is true, the place to which certain elements in the composition will naturally flow, but certain other elements may quite easily pass it by, or flow in an opposite direction. Also, to Ascot, and into that sacred grotto, the Enclosure itself, may flow contaminating currents of anything but pure Society water. The net result is that what is visible to us *as* Society, and looks to all the world as Society is expected to look, is not Society at all in the theoretical sense of the word—*i.e.*, the *élite* of the nation's aristocracy. The absentees are innumerable: the presentees, often enough, unaccountable.

* * *

The Welcome Intruder

As a good democrat myself, anxious for the general welfare of the public, I do not lie down and groan about these changes. Society, whatever it is in theory, in practice will always consist to the outward eye of the people who get in rather than those who ought to be in. And Ascot is, in my eye, always a general rather than an exclusive affair. The best-dressed and the best-looking people (I had almost written the best mannered) are not always those whose Enclosure badges bear honoured names: not always those who have Enclosure badges at all.

ACCORDING TO CARBINE'S PROPHECY

Long Set is here seen winning in the race for the Royal Hunt Cup, as was forecasted by "Carbine," at 100 to 7. This is our racing expert's third notable success of the season, he having given Jest for the Oaks and Drinmore for the City and Suburban. Follow him!

"In the Movement"

This year's Ascot was notable for a greater increase than ever of outwardly nice-looking nobodies, and the brilliance of it was helped and not marred by the inrush into the "Society" places of invaders, not from Bohemia, thank goodness! but from prosperous Middle Classdom. The desire to look "in the movement" grows more intense each wonderful year, and it will need some big commercial or financial crash, a war or a revolution, or something of that kind, to sort out once again the Society sheep from the non-Society goat.

* * *

Grumblers

As a "day out" nothing is likely ever to rid Ascot of its supreme glories. I have heard people who don't—or can't—go describe it as a "futility." They tell you it's a lot of trouble and a lot of expense, and ask for what? "Boiled" clothes, a dusty run by road, or a tiresome one by train, a fatiguing walk, a scramble for lunch, racing of little sporting interest, a crowd of people, and . . . what else?

* * *

"Socially Alive"

Balanced up that way, no doubt Ascot is absurd. But to enjoy it one must not look at it that way. Ascot is, to me, the act of being socially alive. The classic heath is the magnet which pulls out from the centre all those who are willing to come out and be seen. It offers you a setting and the sunshine, also an occupation—for there *are* the races! And those are indeed friendless wights who can pass a day at Ascot without the sight of familiar faces.

* * *

Sensations

This year there was provided a "sensation," though the number of people who knew of the Gold Cup "outrage" at the time or after it happened was about one in five hundred. And I'm told that His Majesty the King, at an interval on the hottest day of the meeting, put his hat on the grass and had quite a nice little doze. Also that the sartorial success of the meeting was the lady with the Persian frock, wired in at the knees, after the style of the ladies in "Come Over Here," whose trips (not steps) across the turf were watched with the keenest interest. *Et voilà tout!*

The Elect at Ascot

COUNTESS PERCY

LORD BATHURST AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY MERIEL BATHURST

LADY HELEN GROSVENOR

COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND LADY HONOR WARD

LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL AND MR. LIONEL FAUDEL PHILLIPS

THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON AND MR. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD

T.S.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK

A few members of the social world, walking, talking, being snapshotted, and incidentally, of course, contributing to the success of one of the most important of social functions

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

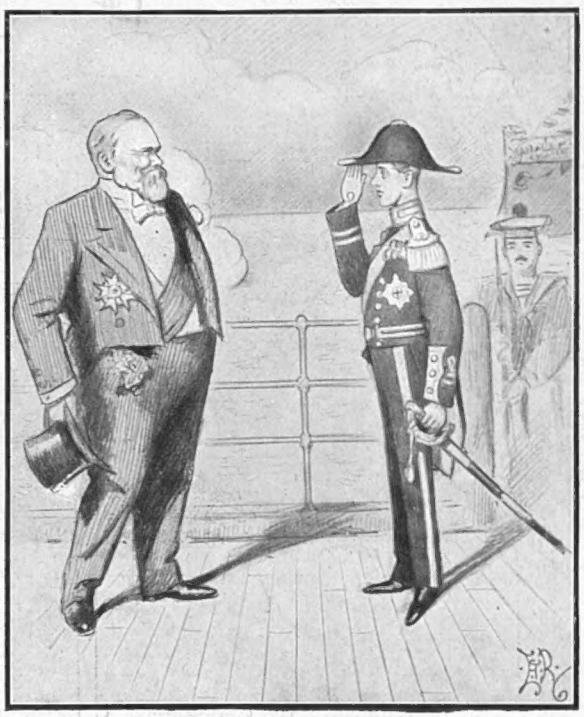
The Party System

The poor party system seems to be having such a bad time of it these days that THE BYSTANDER, after a little interval, seems tempted to go back and give it a helping hand for awhile. After all, whatever England has got for herself from politics—it isn't much, but whatever it is—has been got by the Party System: her ablest statesmen and thinkers, and even poets and prosemen, have been all party men more or less. I have met Mugwumps, and have read them, and I say heaven help us when they get *their* hand on the tiller—or, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton would say, into the till.

* * *

"Hoity Toity"

The close of the Marconi affair, for instance, has been discussed in a most hoity-toity non-party fashion, particularly by those journals who were not so fortunate as to have been early in the field of its exploitation. They are so very glad the affair is over, for *they* are concerned with it, of course, only in the interests of the purity of public life. This seems to be THE BYSTANDER'S opportunity once again to shine alone, so we beg to declare that for our part we are exceedingly sorry the Marconi *affaire* is over. We had hoped that these revelations, so discomposing to the smug occupants of the Treasury Bench, were to continue for a long time, and even in their death to float into immortality across oceans of oil. We have found the Marconi affair amusing: as Unionist party men we have found it profitable.



THE PRINCE OF WALES: "Sa Majesté mon père, m'a permis l'honneur de vous saluer, M. le Président, er - er - Oh! well, we're all jolly glad to see you, Sir, anyway!!"

BY E. T. REED

* * *

Some Shocking Sentiments

It has been satisfactory, after eight years of their government, that certain gentlemen in whom was supposed to be no guile should turn out to be, after all, much the same as the rest of us. A Jewish Attorney-General, formerly of the Stock Exchange, is still not wholly above taking a "tip" from a brother in business, and that even a Welsh Nonconformist Chancellor is not above a flutter if he believes it to be *really* a good thing. Also, to avoid being found out, these same gentlemen—both being lawyers—are not above resorting, on their own account, to such clever little subterfuges as they would in former days have prescribed for clients in similar cases. Lastly, a Whip whose business was to keep the party together whipped himself to South America. All this, as I say, has been amusing, and for our part we wouldn't have moved a finger to close the Inquiry a moment before it was necessary. We should like to have had weeks more of the interesting Mr. Fenner, and deeply deplore the prospect of not having a month or so of—is it?—Mr. Salomons, whose books, it is said, exude "such oiliness." Shocking sentiments? Well, perhaps; but politics, if not allowed to become oily in one sense, shouldn't be in another.

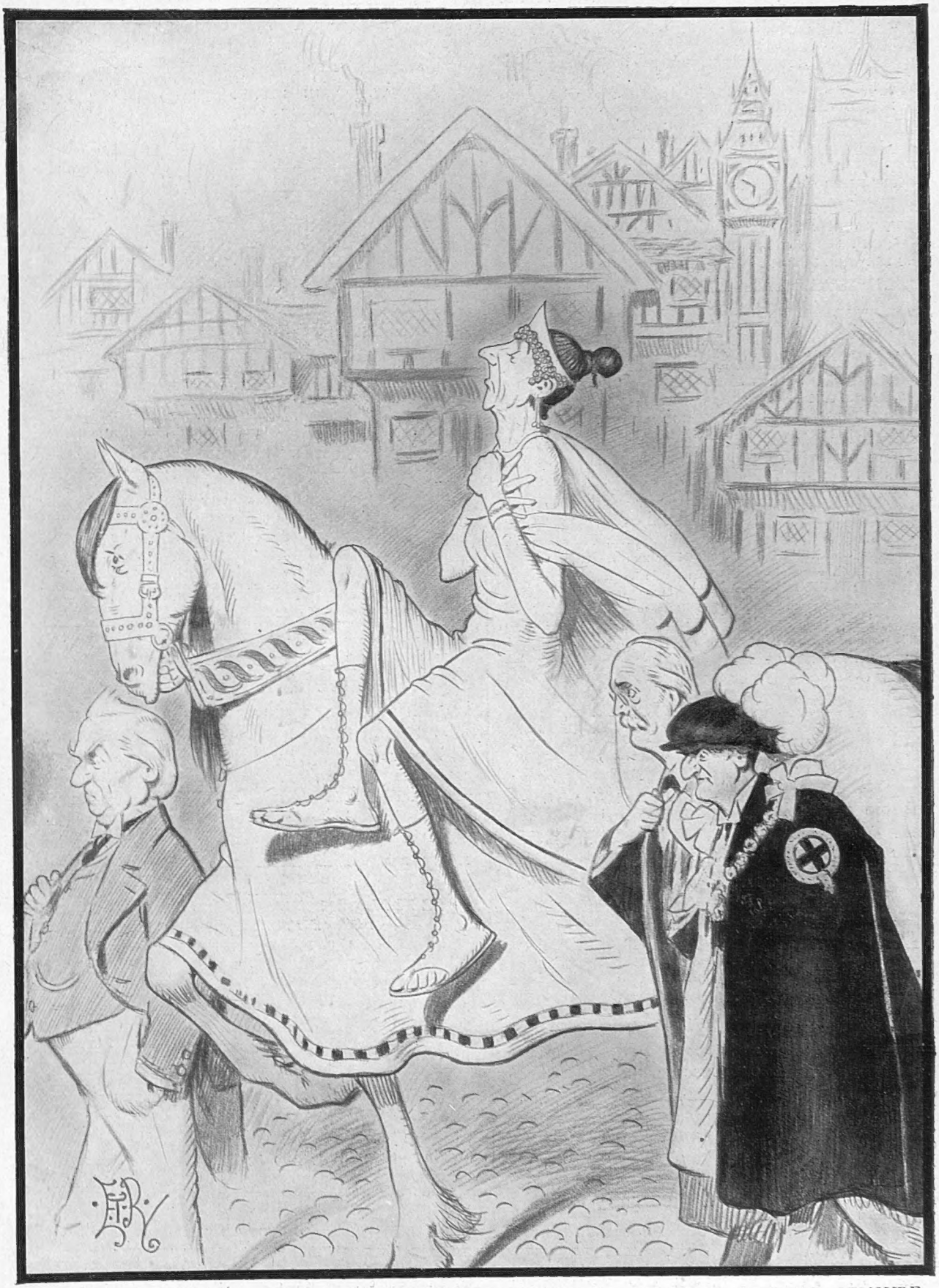
* * *

The Carson-Smith 'Affaire'

The most fitting comment on the Carson-Smith controversy over the Isaacs' briefs is a mere statement of fact. *Neither of the two statesmen voted or spoke on the Vote of Censure.* By having taken up those fatal briefs they disqualified themselves for their duties to the State and to their constituents on a question upon which their vote, if not their speech, was expected by both. Had they voted, the Government majority would have been seventy-six instead of seventy-eight. Not much difference, it is true. But at the opening of the debate nobody in the House knew whether at the end of it there would have been a majority at all. Many Radicals and Labour men were decidedly "wobbly" over the Buckmaster whitewashing amendment, and had the division been taken on that, it would probably have been a critical one, in which the votes of Sir E. Carson and Mr. Smith might have decided the whole fate of the Government. Conceive this to have been the position: That Ireland should have had Home Rule through the absent votes of Ulster's two die-hard defenders! If Sir Edward and Mr. Smith are satisfied with this, very well. But it will be a long time before the party will be.

Cæsar's Wife Sent to "Coventry"

OR MINISTERIAL PURITY BE BLOWED!



A COMMENTARY ON THE DECISION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS NOT TO CENSURE THE MINISTERS WHO ENGAGED IN MARCONI "FLUTTERS"

BY E. T. REED

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STEPS TO PARNASSUS. By J. C. Squire. (Latimer: 3s. 6d. net.)
PEBBLE. By R. G. Behrens. (Duckworth: 6s.)
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The President's "Week-Middle" in England

Poincaré Week

This is Poincaré week, and THE BYSTANDER, having raised his hat with an *ave !* remains with friendly cordiality uncovered until the all too speedy *atque vale !* But though the visit is only from Tuesday to Friday (between week-ends, so to speak), so much is crowded into those few days as to make one want to raise two hats to the—two Presidents ? One can hardly believe that M. Poincaré has not brought a double with him if he is really and truly to cope with the whole of the tasks he has set himself to carry out.

***

A Tactful Tribute

On a rough calculation M. le Président is having fourteen or fifteen hours' numerous and variegated engagements to each twenty-four of his stay here, which includes not only darting about to various functions in London, but a flying visit to Windsor, where he will place wreaths on the tombs of Queen Victoria and King Edward—a tribute which touches English people all the more for the special effort it obviously means in the midst of so strenuous a programme.

***

The Prince as Himself

The visit is also noticeable for the fact that it brings about at last the much-talked-of first public and official appearance of the Prince of Wales as heir to and representative of the Throne—in other words, as himself, instead of merely as a member of the Royal family. The change coincides with his nineteenth birthday—an age at which the founder of the *entente* was apparently regarded by his august parents as still at the start of irresponsible boyhood. King Edward's love of Paris, which was to develop into something so valuable, was perforce almost surreptitious in its beginnings. How much better and wiser to make the heir an accredited Ambassador from the very first !

***

Revival of London

With "all the world" at Ascot, Town was comparatively "empty" last week—that is to say, there was not more than about one function a day and one dance a night, and persons who were present at these were, no doubt, conscious of their singularity. But this week, with the Court and "society" back again, the Poincaré entertainments are supplemented by the usual *embarras de choix* of others, and London is its own madly rushing mid-season self again. And some people are actually lamenting that a gala performance at the opera has not been added to the list !

MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT

M. Raymond Poincaré, the popular French President, who is spending the inside of this week in England. He arrived yesterday and will stay till Friday. On another page "The Bystander" explains what he would do with M. Poincaré had he the enviable task of entertaining him

***

Priceless

The dances alone number no less than sixteen, among the hostesses being Lady Goschen, Lady Naylor-Leyland, and Lady Margaret Campbell. Royalty is expected to be present at Hyde Park House, one of the few big London houses to be opened for the season's entertaining, for the party given by Lady Naylor-Leyland, who is, of course, one of the best-known of Anglo-American hostesses. Her house is full of treasures, and her elder son, the present baronet, a *parti* beyond price—who, by the way, even at Eton was guarded by detectives, it is said, for fear of kidnappers.

***

Crowded Out

Lady Margaret Campbell is by marriage a member of one of those noble Scottish families of whom one hears very little, but who are very great people indeed in their own country. Her husband, a soldier of Egyptian and South African service, is brother and heir-presumptive of that staunch Liberal peer, the Marquis of Breadalbane, who owns about 300,000 acres, which makes a good slice of Scotland, though not quite so big as the Duke of Buccleuch's 400,000 or the Duke of Sutherland's odd million. No wonder other Scotchmen have been known to move southwards. The marquisate, by the way, does not pass out of the direct line, but there is an earldom, as well as minor musically-sounding titles, such as Glenorchy, Benederaloch, Ormelie, and Weick.

***

The American Invasion

Taking advantage of the much-vaunted "emptiness" of London, THE BYSTANDER has been making a round of the larger music-halls to see whether

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

American—and Russian—Stage Invasions

the devastating effects of the American invasion have been exaggerated or not. He very much regrets to say that they have not. Whatever the other virtues of "Come Over Here," the American part of it is very tiresome, while it is agreeable to note that in the much superior "Hullo, Ragtime," the only people fit to hold a candle to the one American genius in London, Ethel Levey, are two Englishmen, Mr. Watts and Mr. Merson. I wonder when the music-halls will shake off the quite unnecessary transatlantic mania of sacrificing everything to the hustle and bustle of a rather impertinent chorus. Wait till the reaction comes, and then see the slump!

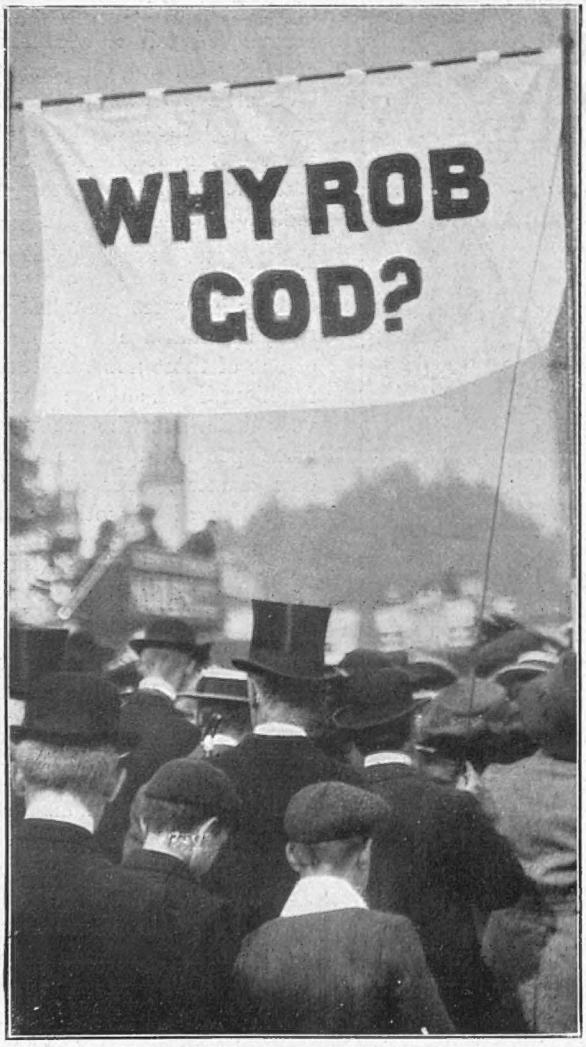
* * *

The Russian Invasion

And now the Russians bid fair to become to the opera what the Americans are to the music-hall. Everybody is speculating on the nature of these operas with unpronounceable names, and "those who know" expect Chaliapine, though a mere baritone, to set all London talking. It will be interesting to see whether the Russian language will drive Italian or German from the field of popular favour. Is there any hope for English, I wonder? After Mr. Roze's season next November perhaps we shall know.

Photograph M. CHALIAPINE [*Fischer*

The famous Russian baritone, who is now in London for Sir Joseph Beecham's Russian opera season at Drury Lane. He will sing in the title rôle of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounow"



A WELSH CHURCH PROTEST BANNER

The assumption that the Deity is financially interested in any one of the various religious sects is, to say the least, hypothetical. However, politics is politics!

Henley

Having had its great gala performance, the Horse Show, alas! comes to an end next week, and is promptly succeeded by the more democratic function of Henley. But, as I have said, the more democratic amusements are fast coming more and more into fashion. Henley has already the ægis of Royalty to attract those who believe themselves to lead, but make a fine art of following. And for others the river has fascinations (when the sun shines) which even the over-running of some of its loveliest spots by Gaiety Gerties and their attendant Nutsteins hasn't been able to screech and lithp away.

* * *

"Unmounted Men Preferred"

Next week there will be—at least, I suppose so—the Royal review of the Territorials. I hesitate to say where, because the *venue* has already had to be changed from Wimbledon Common to Hyde Park, in order that Colonel Seely, having no proper arrangements for mounting his troops, might be able to entrench himself behind the Park regulations, which "render it impossible for the troops to be present mounted." Next, I daresay, it may be altered to Exeter Hall, where military uniforms would be out of place, and so on to some place (I forbear to speculate) where men are not allowed. But, seriously, has there ever been offered such an amazing impertinence to everyone concerned, especially to His Majesty?

* * *

The Other Wireless Scandal

Mr. Herbert Samuel, having been let off in the Marconi business with a "regrettable" or two, may possibly be well advised to turn his whole attention to the other "wireless" matter, that other scandal of

Welcome Home

TO A SPORTSWOMAN WITH A LIVING CAPTURE

Photograph *Lall e Charles*

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD

Wife of the Duke of Sutherland's heir, with a pet baby leopard, bagged alive during their recent big game shoot in the wilds of Africa

London's New Magistrate

persons whose investments (as they thought) have turned into pure speculation—the telephone-users. You can hit the public's principles pretty hard without raising much more than dust, but when it comes to an article of daily use John Bull is quite capable (after a year or two's goading by the official *picador*) of positively being roused to something like action.

* * *

Demonstration

Not for worlds would THE BYSTANDER impugn the sincerity of the organisers or the supporters of the forthcoming anti-Welsh Disestablishment demonstration, but, really, it is time that people realised that not one in ten demonstrations demonstrate anything at all. It is almost as easy to get people to attend a demonstration as to sign a petition.

* * *

A True Story

For instance, on the occasion of the anti-Welsh Disestablishment demonstration last year the following events—for the truth of which I can vouch—took place in Wales. Mrs. J—— met a party of neighbours, who asked her if she were not going to London on the next day. Mrs. J—— said she was not, and wanted to know why she should. "Oh," said her friends, "there's a big demonstration on and the return fare is only nineteen shillings. You'd better come along with us." And sure enough Mrs. J—— did, for, as she explained to me, she wanted a new hat badly, and there were people who were always delighted to put her up for the night, so that she need not even go down by the crowded excursion train in the evening! Thus is support raised for great causes.

MR. LISTER DRUMMOND

Appointed Metropolitan magistrate in place of the late Sir Henry Curtis Bennett. He is a well-known Revising Barrister, a staunch Roman Catholic, an indefatigable philanthropist, and a bachelor

* * *

A Reminder

Talking of demonstrations, I hope the Suffragettes will not be misled about the enormous size of the crowd that turned out to watch Miss Davison's funeral. I do think that there was a certain amount of admiration for that plucky, if somewhat hysterical, lady, but what drew the crowd was her connection with the Derby—that is to say, the event, which for half a day at least, is the axis on which the whole English-speaking world revolves. If the Suffragettes needed advertising, Miss Davison would have given them the best advertisement the world could show. But is there any living soul now who does not realise perfectly who they are or what they want? That is what is so difficult to understand about the logic of militancy. Or have they changed their ground again?

THE BRAGANZA-HOHENZOLLERN ROMANCE

Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern, Dom Manoel's fiancée, who arrived in London last week in order to be presented to her future mother-in-law, ex-Queen Amélie

* * *

A Correction

In our last issue we published a photograph which was described as that of Captain Murray, M.P., brother of Lord Murray of Elibank. Owing to an unfortunate confusion caused by the similarity of the photographs of the two gentlemen, the portrait used was not that of Captain Murray, but of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Galway, Governor of Gambia, which had been submitted to us simultaneously. We beg to express our sincere regret to both gentlemen concerned.

* * *

"The Bystander" Holiday Number

THE BYSTANDER will publish on July 9 a special Holiday Number, complete with the ordinary issue, bound in a particularly beautiful coloured cover. In addition to its usual features the issue will contain a number of beautiful and amusing coloured plates, a special Art and Photographic Supplement in colours, entitled "Art Al Fresco," several racy and clever short stories, a good selection of black-and-white humorous work by well-known artists, and light readable articles of all sorts appropriate to the holiday season. The number will consist of over a hundred pages, and should be particularly acceptable at this time of year. The price will be one shilling.

Indefatigable

THEIR MAJESTIES AT LAST WEEK'S IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS

Photograph *G.P.U.*

ON THE OCCASION OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY REVIEW—

The King, with the Duke and Prince Arthur of Connaught, leaving Windsor Castle on June 16, prior to reviewing the Household Brigade in Windsor Great Park

Photograph] *Sport and General*

—AT ETON COLLEGE —

Their Majesties entering the State Barge after the visit to Eton College, where they inspected the Guard of Honour and witnessed the Procession of Boats

Photograph] —AND AT ASCOT *[Sport and General*

The King and Queen about to leave the course after the races

Last week was, if possible, a more than usually busy week for Their Majesties. On Monday the Review of the Household Cavalry took place in Windsor Great Park, and a visit to Eton College. On Tuesday, of course, Ascot. King Sol, for once, did his best to make things happy on each occasion from all points of view, except, perhaps, from that of the silk-hatted and otherwise formally though uncomfortably-dressed male

Public Morals versus Private

A FEW WORDS WITH MR. CO-RESPONDENT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

MY DEAR SIR,—Quite so. Because you find yourself involved in a divorce case, why *should* you be prevented from helping to regulate the affairs of your country as a politician?

If the whole, or even a large section, of the Liberal party were to be served with writs to appear in answer to charges of moral frailty, I admit the Nonconformist Conscience would have legitimate occasion for qualms. Even ordinary non-puritanical men and women would have a right to say that gentlemen whose attention was so absorbed in speculation on the emotional stock markets might not be earning their £400 a year for attention to public duty. Heaven knows a properly married man like myself finds it difficult enough to give all the attention to public affairs (dinners, theatres, dances, and the like) that he would like: how must it be, therefore, with a gentleman whose elbow is tugged not only by his orthodox near and dear one, but by his nearer and even more expensive unofficial attachments?

MR. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

Who has recently applied for the Chiltern Hundreds owing to his connection with an impending divorce case, playing golf for the House of Commons against Ranelagh

Speaking firstly as a taxpayer and as an elector, I say that there is a certain amount of reason in the expectation that one's Member of Parliament shall, outwardly, at all events, be more or less of the *vrai type domestique*. This is an Anglo-Saxon, not a Latin country, and the experience of centuries has proved monogamy to be quite a maintainable and even an endurable institution. Particularly should it be so—outwardly — in the case of a British politician, who is attracted to politics not by the artistic or poetic temperament, but, presumably, by his possession of qualities of coolness and judgment—qualities which one expects him to have exercised in that most important of his private concerns, the choice of a wife.

So, speaking quite generally, I cannot come forward as a defender of Co-Respondence as an Aid to Public Life. This is, however, not to join with those who would refuse a public man—and a young man like yourself, Mr. Crawshay-Williams—the (alleged) one bite which is allowed to a doubtful dog. As you have already hinted in your first letter to your Leicester constituents, circumstances may alter the complexion of affairs, though you must be an optimist if you think you will get sympathy in Leicester (Radical majority at last election 5,691) for anything human. The "facts" alluded to—I can hardly contain my anxiety to have them before me to judge for myself—may prove you to be even more suited for public life than you appeared to be under the monogamist *régime*. One doesn't know—yet. What one does know is that even a politician may have made a mistake in his choice of wife, and may, later on, encounter one who is in closer sympathy with his zeal for great causes than is the one whom he may have selected in the days of mere youthful romance. Or it may be the other way round. I have heard that the politician who spends all his spare time reading blue books and despatches, and rehearsing his speeches, is distinctly trying to live with.

Speaking quite in ignorance of your own case, there is, of course, also the lower aspect. Co-respondence may have been induced by what the Press would call "sordid" motives. The politician may have been discovered to be just a mere man, and to have succumbed to the same temptations as men of less cool judgment and ambition. Suppose that is so? Is such a man to be precluded from taking part in public affairs? As you, Mr. Williams, have pointed out, politics has concern with the general welfare of the people, with the making and unmaking of laws. To realise the true or false workings of public acts, one must surely be better qualified if one is human and is able to experience their workings at first hand.

To-day, for instance, the greatest problem of politics is the bridging of the gulf between wealth and poverty. Of what inestimable advantage is it that we have, giving his exclusive attention to the problems of the poor, one who in his early days knew nothing of motor-cars and golf and the Riviera—Mr. Lloyd George. Or, Mr. Burns, who, long ago, used to have to rough it in a hat by no means cocked and in garments without gold braid.

The England of the next generation, all happy and prosperous in possession of the land, and pensions, and Insurance Acts, will be able to give its attention to quite different problems. That of How to Live will give place to How to Live in Peace and Happiness.

Just as Mr. George is able now to remind us of his Welsh mountains, and Mr. Burns of his workman's dwelling, so the Reformer of the Relations of the Sexes should be able to speak of his appearance in the Divorce Courts. The present conditions under which marriages are contracted, and the obstacles in the way of getting out of entanglements miserable to both parties, need radical reform in the interests of both sexes. Above all things, the days should pass for ever in which a man who happens to have attached himself to the wrong woman or a woman to the wrong man can only get out of their *impasse* by the sacrifice of private reputation and public usefulness.

THE BYSTANDER

A Noble Airman's Bride-Elect

WHO, TO ENSURE HER FIANCÉ'S SAFETY, "FLIES" WITH HIM

MISS JOSÉ METCALFE

A wealthy Australian lady who is to marry Lord Carbery at the end of this month. Lord Carbery came of age on May 20th this year, is well known as an aviator and is an Irish peer with an estate in County Cork. Miss Metcalfe is as enthusiastic an aviator as her fiancé and has already made several flights with him

Æsthetic Athleticism

AN ESSAY BY DEBUSSY & NIJINSKY

NIJINSKY

Who, in athletic costume, looks less athletic than usual

NOW that Nijinsky and the rest of M. Djaghiliew's troupe of dancers have graciously decided to let us admire them once again, curiosity is rife as to their new productions. About Stravinski's new ballet I know nothing except that I hear, on very good authority, that it is positively the most difficult music ever written. Certainly all musicians await the latest effort of the composer of *Petrouchka* with extraordinary interest. For in his fantastic, grotesque, though rather soulless, fashion Stravinski is the most original-minded composer in Europe.

As to *Jeux*, with music by the least athletic of all composers, Claude Debussy, I confess I have my doubts. Whether Nijinsky and Karsavina are really going to play golf or tennis on the stage I do not know. But I do know, judging by the photographs, that their costumes suggest to the English mind anything rather than athleticism. It is always dangerous and usually silly to prophesy, but I have a kind of feeling that if *Jeux* has any success over here it will be a *succès de ridicule*.

This, if I am right, is a great pity. For the most obvious shortcoming of the Russian dancers hitherto has been that they failed to translate into terms of the dance any of the more ordinary aspects of life. It has been held, and I think with reason, that this is why their popularity already shows signs of waning. You cannot be satisfied even with Nijinsky's leaps, Bakst's colours, Stravinski's grotesques for ever. Perfect as these all are in their way, we long at times for something a little simpler, a little more human. In so far as *Jeux* would seem to be an attempt to meet some such criticism it is very welcome. But I am afraid that the English are too athletic a race to put up with a too æsthetic translation of their favourite amusements. The fact is that the Russians are paying the penalty that all eclectic, aristocratic art must pay sooner or later. They seem likely to find that the foundation on which they have reared such a splendid edifice of beauty is not broad or solid enough. A spell of that mysterious operation known, I believe, as "grouting" will be necessary if it is to survive.

FRANCIS TOVE

Photographs

KARSAVINA

Who looks—just charming

Gerschel

SCHOLLAR

Who looks as if she might be going to perform the dance known as "Texas Tommy"

At Boulter's Lock

ON ASCOT—OR ANY OTHER—SUNDAY OF THE SEASON

Photograph *Sport and Genera.*

There is an inevitable connection between Boulter's Lock and Ascot Sunday, and, of course, Boulter's is always crowded on that day if the weather is fine; but so it is on most other Sundays during any sort of heat-wave. River craft of all sizes and descriptions, from skiffs to motor-boats—and most of all, punts—go through, as seen above, the whole day long

Apropos of Wimbledon

WHAT IS A FIRST-CLASS PLAYER?

AMONG those who either play lawn tennis or else amuse themselves by watching other people play, including, of course, the countless numbers who "do a bit of both"—and of such is the majority of those who throng the stands round the centre court at Wimbledon—the epithet "first-class" is supposed to have a perfectly well-defined and intelligible meaning. We all think we know what we are talking about when we describe a man (or a woman) as a first-class player, and as long as we confine ourselves (as most of us are careful to do) to a comparatively select few we are on tolerably safe ground. There are players whom we unhesitatingly describe as first class; there are others whom we label "second-class" or even (in a fit of generosity) "*good* second-class" with equal conviction; but there are others, again, about whom we are discreetly silent, because we are not at all sure which category to put them in. In other words, if we were asked to define exactly what constitutes a first-class player we should be hard put to it to do so, and in answer to a point-blank question as to where the first-class ends and the second-class begins we should probably be driven to take refuge in that time-honoured and most convenient evasion: "You can't draw a hard-and-fast line."

A. F. WILDING

The holder of the Championship, the competition for which opened at Wimbledon on Monday. "What could he do against Wilding," is the test which decides whether a player is "first-class" or not

Which, after all, is more or less true. I have often before now launched this apparently guileless question among a *coterie* of lawn tennis enthusiasts with eminently edifying results. They have started in to solve it confidently, and have generalised quite beautifully, but as soon as the inevitable temptation to cite particular instances asserted itself the conversation would become lively in the extreme, and in the end we generally found ourselves in much the same position as we were when we began talking, *i.e.*, each of us quite positive that he knew what is meant by a first-class player, and each of us still prepared to prove it to his own satisfaction—and, apparently, to no one else's.

To my mind it is useless to say of any particular player that he is first-class merely because he plays in first-class style, or, conversely, that he is first-class because he makes up for any deficiency in style by the clever way in which he uses his head. There are lots of players who possess a first-class style and only a third-class head, and lots more with first-class heads and only a third-class style, and the chances of all of them of becoming "first-class" within the meaning of the term which I am going to try to arrive at is quite remote. You can, of course, form some sort of an estimate of a player's ability by the way in which he plays, but if you want to arrive at a decision as to whether he is, or is not, first-class you must surely establish a first-class standard based on actual results, and then see whether his performances are up to that standard.

In short, you must have something tangible, something which is based on documentary evidence—or, to put it more familiarly, paper form. My own view is that a first-class player is anyone to whom the champion, in a handicap, could not, according to the book, owe more than thirty. This is, at any rate, an attempt to draw the line somewhere. In a supplement to the present issue I have made a list of the hundred best British players, and it follows as a matter of course that those who are entitled to be called "first-class" appear thereon. Opinions will doubtless differ as to whether I have drawn the line in the right place; and this, I hope, is where the fun will come in.

H. S. S.

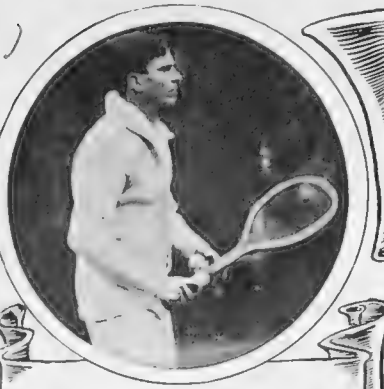
TO LAWN TENNIS READERS: SPECIAL

Inset in this issue will be found, as a Supplement, a list of the first hundred British players, compiled by H. S. Scrivener

THE

Invasion of Wimbledon

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL COMPETITORS FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS



M. E. McLOUGHLIN
(AMERICA)

FRL. RIECK
(GERMANY)

H. H. HACKETT
(AMERICA)

B. P. SCHWENGERS
(CANADA)

W. F. JOHNSON
(AMERICA)

R. N. WILLIAMS
(AMERICA)

F. W. RAHE
(GERMANY)

OTTO FROITZHEIM
(GERMANY)

OSCAR KREUZER
(GERMANY)

V. R. GAUNTLETT
(SOUTH AFRICA)

Of the players whose portraits are given above, McLoughlin, Schwengers, and Frl. Rieck are champions of their respective nations. Froitzheim is virtually champion of Germany, though he was unable to defend his title last year. Johnson was runner-up to McLoughlin for the U.S.A. championship, and Hackett is a doubles ex-champion. Williams, who is America's second string in singles, was, incidentally, a survivor of the Titanic disaster

Rejected by the R.A.

THE COLD-SHOULDERING OF A MASTERLY FRENCH PORTRAIT

MME. BELLEVILLE WEST. BY M. PIERRE CARRIER-BELLEUSE

Considerable indignation exists in French Art circles at the rejection by the Royal Academy of the painting of Mme. Belleville West, reproduced above (and now on exhibition at the Doré Galleries, Bond Street). The painter is M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, Légion d'Honneur, Secretary of the Salon des Beaux Arts, President of the Société de Pastels, and President of the Société de Peinture et Sculpture, and it is thought that, by refusing the work of so eminent a man, some slight has been placed upon France. The Royal Academy authorities have replied that as the Academy is a National institution, they are often compelled to exclude foreign work, however excellent, to make way for that of native artists. On the opposite page will be found a reproduction of another portrait of Mme. West by the same artist, on exhibition in this year's Salon Nationale des Beaux Arts

The Bystander in PARIS

"LA GRANDE SEMAINE"

A Week's Racing

The principal peculiarity of *la grande semaine* in Paris is that it is a week of three Sundays. It began on the eighth and will end with the Grand Prix on the twenty-ninth of June, for on the thirtieth there is nobody left in Paris. Nobody who is anybody, you understand. I shall be there myself, and there will be a few million other people and some thousands of visitors, but these don't matter. I never could quite understand why Paris crowds all its big racing events together at the tail end of the season, but that is Paris's little way. The French Oaks, or the Prix de Diane, as the racing folk call it, was run last Sunday, the Prix du Jockey Club follows, and the Grand Steeple at Auteuil, and the Grand Prix at Longchamps follow them. It is, perhaps, a natural result of the Oaks that Paris is now the happy hunting-ground of the acorn—you call him *la noisette* at home.

The Parisian "Nut"

The Paris acorn is a very charming creature. You used to see him in fluffy whiskers and immensely baggy check knickerbockers on a bicycle. The whiskers, the bicycle, and the check knickers have gone, but you will see the acorn hard at work making *le sport* from morning till late afternoon in Paris during the three weeks of *la grande semaine*. In the morning he walks and watches other people riding. You will find him in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne trying to keep a single eyeglass in his vapid eye, you will find him strolling up Acacia Avenue with his motor-car crawling behind him in case the little man gets tired. You will meet him in the Sentier de la Vertu (so called for the same paradoxical reason that the last three weeks of June are called *la grande semaine*), and, of course, you won't meet him alone if he can help it, because that is the way of the Paris acorn.

"Cette Demoiselle"

This year he has invented a very smart thing to do, and the effort must have wearied his poor little brain. Of course, as you know, we don't eat and drink as we did. Appetite—the kind of appetite, I mean, which can be mentioned without a blush—has gone entirely out of fashion. People don't eat and drink nowadays—it isn't done. The acorn has, therefore, discovered that it is the smart thing to eat little or nothing at the most expensive restaurants he can find, and that is what he does in the Bois de Boulogne during the *grande semaine*. You will see him in shoals with Madame (the waiter calls her Madame, but the acorn's mother and sister allude to her with a sniff as *cette demoiselle*) at Armenonville, at the new restaurant at the Porte Dauphine, at the Pré Catelan, and elsewhere in the Bois, consuming a scrambled egg, *des toasts*, and a glass of water. The water, to be really *chic*, should be foreign water, and the little man's lunch, frugal though it is, must cost him at least eighteen shillings. The restaurant-keepers don't mind, and as the acorn likes it, everyone is satisfied. And to be in the picture *cette demoiselle* must dress with ostentatious simplicity and wear a £1,000 pearl collar round her powdered neck. In a month or so the acorns and *ces demoiselles* will go to the seaside, where the ozone will be even more expensive than the Bois de Boulogne lunches or the pearls. For the very best ozone is kept at the casinos, where it is diluted with *chemin-de-fer* and *baccara*, and the figures of the *cagnotte* are almost as unshapely as those decreed by the very latest fashions of 1913.

MME. BELLEVILLE WEST

A Salon picture by M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, Légion d'Honneur, Secretary of Salon des Beaux Arts, President of the Société de Pastels, and President of the Société de Peinture et Sculpture, whose portrait of the same lady appearing on the opposite page was rejected by the Royal Academy

Entertainment

One of these days two or three theatre managers in Paris will realise a great truth. I have a sort of an idea that the truth will be forced on their notice by a clever Englishman or two. At present, at about this time of the year, the Paris theatres announce their summer season, and they cater for the foreign visitor in one of two ways. The first way is to run an old play or a second-rate show, and provide a scratch company to play it. The other way is to provide dramatic fare of an exotic kind and charge very high prices for admission.

A Lesson for Paris

One of these days an Englishman will take a Paris theatre for the summer, will engage a good French company to play one of the successes of the Paris season, and will play to crowded houses of foreign visitors. The season afterwards, no doubt, the lesson will have sunk in, and Paris managers will imitate him. They have not yet realised that when foreign visitors come to Paris they want to see the best Parisian actors and actresses play in the best plays which Paris can give them. When the Paris managers have found that out, the theatres in the summer will do better business, and the people who have motor-cars for hire will find less of a run on them. If the managers don't find this out Paris may suffer more than they think, and

people will begin to go elsewhere for amusement. There is a summer season just beginning at the Folies Bergères now. It consists of a revue, in which almost every number has been borrowed from another show, and some of the ideas are very stale indeed. I am afraid the travelling public will refuse to stand this sort of thing much longer, and when it does the Rue de la Paix will feel the pinch.

"Très Parisien"

Paris Society used to be the most essentially Parisian and exclusive society in the world. Now, by force of circumstances, it has become quite quaintly cosmopolitan. I have been looking down a list of guests at *une soirée très Parisienne* at the house of a Countess in the Rue Saint Dominique. The Countess owns one of the oldest names in France. A few years ago a foreign name in the list of her guests would have been quite unusual. To-day the principal name is a Roumanian Royalty.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

JUBILEE WILHELM

"Hoch dem Kaiser"

Wilhelm II. has a Jubilee; and people are summing him up and his reign. They are pleased with him; and fairly pleased with his reign. Wilhelm II., they say, is better than his reign. The reign has not brought European extensions or colonies worth plundering; and it has brought Socialists and New Art. But Wilhelm II. is a popular man. When Germans survey our Europe's sad sovereigns—dull Francis Joseph; and puny Victor Emanuel, and furtive Nicholas II., they realise the blessing it is to have a Kaiser who is brave, active, universal, inspiring, contentious. Of Wilhelm they say, he is a man and a human. The two do not always go together—Francis Joseph is man and not human; puny Victor Emanuel is human and not man; and furtive Nicholas is neither man nor human. And now, in Jubilee mood, Germans feel that their Sovereign is a presentable representative person; and they justly jubilate in his Jubilee.

Wilhelm II. has a life-you-fellows-don't-know-anything-about-it persons; and Wilhelm II. has not studied it at all, but puts forth views and inspirations worth ten times those of the studied-it-all-my-life men.

"COMING EVENTS . . . . ?"
TOURIST: "Ever been in England, Sergeant?"
SERGEANT: "Not yet"

Wilhelm's Ten Virtues

Wilhelm is meritorious for ten reasons. First, he is a foil to Germanism. Germany's plague is dull and knowing men. Wilhelm II. is neither dull nor knowing; he is bright and unprofoundly versatile. Germany is cursed with experts and specialists, studied-it-all-my-life-you-fellows-don't-know-anything-about-it persons. Germans are deeply ignorant in their knowledge of one thing; but Wilhelm is comprehensive, catholic, and œcumenical, in his forty-sided knowledge of fifty things. The experts snarl that Wilhelm II. tramps in their domain, but Wilhelm II. is right. A land where dullards undisturbed wax fat in knowledge is foredoomed by fate.

The Poor Man's Kaiser

Wilhelm II. is liked by plain, direct-thinking men, men who rightly treasure the State, of which he is symbol, as bravest efflorescence of man's poor activities. He is liked by farmers, by surveyors, by sound country shopkeepers, and by men who lost a leg while saving hens from motor-cars. These throng to Berlin, watch, cheer, and are happy. Wilhelm II. is less liked by newspaper proprietors, notaries, and people who have made money in anilines. He is not a rich man's Kaiser. Sometimes you can tell a man who likes the Kaiser from a man who does not. The man who likes the Kaiser has a red face; and the man who dislikes the Kaiser has a yellow face and a motor-car.

Not Approved by Socialists

Germany's best people like the Kaiser. He is disliked by unloyal Socialists, and by extreme Loyalist Junkers, whose loyalty means:

Und der Koenig absolut,
Wenn er unsern Willen tut.

That is, by men who want no Kaiser, and by men who want an elastic, pocketable Kaiser. The middle reasonable men like the Kaiser. Like them he is no monomaniac and no visionary; like them he is not a snob; he has neither the Olympian remoteness of the new-made rich, nor the Polar unapproachability of the sea-green Socialist who is as good as any man on earth.

Popular with the Populace

The Kaiser is the people's Kaiser; and because the Germans are people *-Deutsche,* the people, as Carlyle reminds us—they like the Kaiser. When you come across a German who dislikes the Kaiser he is a tiresome and soulless man, even if he knows all about the Orthoptera.

"HOCH DEM KAISER!!"

SCENES AT THE GREAT JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS IN BERLIN

UNTER DEN LINDEN

The crowd of carriages conveying sight-seers to the scene of the Jubilee celebrations

JUBILEE WILLIAM

From "Ulk"

IN FRIEDRICHSTRASSE

Showing some of the decorations on the route of the Procession

SETTING OUT FOR THE REVIEW

The Kaiser with his six sons and his son-in-law Prince Ernst August leaving the Palace for the Arsenal at Berlin where a review was held and a salute of 101 guns was fired in honour of the Imperial Jubilee

STUDENTS ON THE ROUTE

Berlin University Students (on the left) during the progress of the Great Jubilee Procession in Berlin add their quota to the general rejoicings

Berlin has been more or less en fête during the past week or so over the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Kaiser Wilhelm's accession to the Throne. His Imperial Majesty appears as popular as ever among his subjects. Is this, by any chance, because he is "The English Kaiser?"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Faun" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

IT occurs to me that the person who should have been sent to review this play is THE BYSTANDER'S racing specialist. My own knowledge of the Turf is so limited that I am apprehensive lest the really coruscating wit of the piece should have eluded me on account of my lamentable ignorance of the subject. After all, you cannot very well claim to be an authority on racing matters just because you have had a few shillings in a Derby sweepstake. What? When the curtain rises we see Lord Stonbury in his library. His youthful lordship is just back from Ascot, at which function we learn he has dropped the trifle of seventy thousand pounds. After that I cannot in all decency complain of the half-crown I lost owing to mistaken confidence in the dead sure thing given me by a dear friend anxious to share his anticipated good fortune with myself. I do not know much about money; but it seems to me that seventy thousand pounds is a rather large sum to lose on a day's racing.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY

As the Faun who, living closely to nature, can talk to racehorse or bluebottle with equal facility, and so get his tips "straight from the horse's mouth," so to speak

As it happens Lord Stonbury is of my opinion in this respect, a detail which confirms my view that the British aristocracy and myself have a great many good ideas in common. His lordship's conclusion is that the only way out of his difficulty is to shoot himself with a revolver, and being an extremely methodical person he arranges with his man exactly what must be done when the sound of the fatal shot is heard and the alarmed household breaks into the room to discover the worst. It is, perhaps, a grim kind of humour, but the genially fantastic nature of the play as a whole makes it quite easy to assimilate the weird fun. Just as Lord Stonbury is about to pull the fatal trigger there is a light laugh from a vase of flowers on the verandah, and from among the crimson blooms the Faun of the piece appears and bows his acknowledgments to the crowd. The Faun is Mr. Martin Harvey himself, scantily clad in leopard skin and sandals, and he has come to preach the usual sermon on the sad artificiality of modern life as contrasted with the free and healthily animal existence of a pastoral deity.

Mr. Harvey is quite at his best as the Faun. It is true that he has not the legs of a goat, in spite of the fact, which is pointed out to him, that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" declares that all really correct Fauns are built that way; but in other respects he is the Faun to the life, and brings into the piece the healthy suggestion of good red blood that is, after all, the mainspring of life. He upbraids the well-dressed people about him for their over-polite suppression of the primitive emotions of love, hate and fear. By way of a practical application of his sermon he approaches a group of women with a live mouse in his hand, and as they shriek and jump on chairs with their skirts tightly gathered about them, the Faun laughingly approves them as good animals after all.

The Faun's chief industry, however, is that of confidential tipster to his new friend Stonbury. It appears that a Faun, living so closely to nature as he does, can talk to any one of our fellow creatures, from a racehorse to a bluebottle. And in this way he has no difficulty in learning straight from the stable the name of the winner of the next race. It seems that the horses know all about it beforehand; though in my ignorance I imagined it was the jockeys who settled that detail and gave the momentous decision as to whether the function was to be a horse race or a bumping polo match. This is, however, a small point, as it serves no other purpose than that of a peg on which to hang the entertaining talk of the frank and engaging Faun. It is, perhaps, rather late in the day to remind us that modern life makes a poor show in comparison with the free and unfettered joys that "woods and steepy mountains yield," as Kit Marlowe has it. Still, at our time of life we could hardly be expected, just for the sake of a poetic idea, to take to the woods and dance eternally to the notes of the Pandean pipes with giddy young partners whose mothers did not know they were out. JINGLE

The Faun, the once proverbial protector of Shepherds, appears at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in a new role, viz.: that of protector of Noblemen. In addition to other attributes, the Faun has the art of "spotting" winners, and is therefore able to put Lord Stonbury, a somewhat rash member of the Peerage, in the way of a few real "certs."—The Faun is charmingly contemptuous of the hypocrisy of modern life, and his reflections thereon form an amusing part of the play

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE PRICE OF FAME

By Muriel Hine

WHEN Pandora Bigge had completed her new novel she decided to give it the title of "Any."

It was the fashion in those times to clothe fiction with a loose, misleading, and figurative name. It piqued the jaded appetite of the reading public, weary of the definitely outlined love-affair of the latest "Elizabeth" and those turgid problems of domestic infelicity that demand a row of stars at the end of the fifth chapter.

Pandora Bigge had outlived Illusion. She staked no faith on Style, and Plot she ignored. She knew that in a world where Movement murdered Thought there was nothing so priceless as Crude Advertisement.

Her Imagination rarely soared beyond the Practical, and she learned to rely upon it as some folk do on morals. In this instance it led her instinctively towards finance. She decided to buy up the vote of the Diners-out.

This large and ever-growing Social Institution was principally composed of well-dressed men who bartered their conversational charm for the simple lure of food. Scattered about town they were easily recognisable by the cut of their collar, their culture in wine, and an endless flow of small talk and big.

Prominently among them figured three youths, highly born, idle, penurious, and proud, who held one boast in common, one infinite distinction: that never were they known to dine at their own expense. For three hundred and sixty-five days in the year they encouraged the blessedness of those who gave in a spirit of self-denial that, in that era, was almost conclusively confined to politics.

Pandora Bigge gathered them in—the Fêted Three—on a Good Friday night, when London, empty and knee-deep in snow, proclaimed that the English Easter approached.

The evening was one that was apt to become a singular test to their High Adventure; and conscious of this, as the champagne flowed and gratitude blossomed with the old brandy, Pandora Bigge broached to the Trio the delicate scheme in which they should share.

For the Diners-out were to advertise, subtly, fluently, with the right course—never the soup and rarely the fish—the marvellous merits of the book called "Any."

Courageously she discussed commission, courageously they met her at once. And when they parted, each man clubward, taxi paid and cigar in hand, Pandora Bigge gave a sigh of content, realising that the book would "arrive."

Now it so chanced upon that night that the only sad soul who attended the dinner was the German Baron who acted as waiter in order to acquire, economically, a knowledge of our tongue. For in the excitement of hard-won victory the hostess undervalued the extent of his claim, and Von Schneiderwurst retired nursing a shilling and an undying hatred of the English race.

Brooding at a bar in the vicinity he ran across a friend of mixed nationality, and under the influence of Munich beer confided his opinion on British charity.

Mr. Adolf Zimm had started life as a waiter. Now he was the well-known African magnate. In due course the Government would make him a Baron—this was the link between the pair.

The financier, amused by Von Schneiderwurst's recital, passed the story on to Gilbert Bessenden, his subsidised journalist, whose duty it was to keep the great man's name prominent in print.

Bessenden then and there conceived a project for turning Pandora's scheme to his own advantage. For he, too, was an author in the budding stage, lacking the financial means to blossom into fame.

In moments of leisure he had written a novel; some hundred thousand words, describing step by step the moral anguish of a Simple Lifer on whom Fate had forced the gift of an Empire. It only lacked a title and the means to advertise. Now Bessenden at last saw his pathway clear. He called the book "Annie," and chose for *nom-de-plume* "Pandolfe Begg"—the game was begun!

Listless ladies nibbling larks or toying with *pêches Melba*, lent attentive, jewelled ears to the Fêted Three; heard them sing the praises, heard them scan the moral, "hesitate to recommend" the "novel of the day."

Much intrigued and very vague the telephone they sought, rang up Day and Mudie, Smith and *Times* and Boot's.

"Any's" and "Annie's" waxed and multiplied; inextricably, hopelessly confused. Both books leaped across the danger line and claimed a right to "classics" by the Second Thousand Test.

Pandora Bigge bought a Pekingese. Bessenden smiled broadly in his sleeve. Zimm smiled too, looking ahead, much touched (so he said) to find his golden name figuring on "Annie's" dedication page.

Then Bessenden let the secret slip.

Over-confident he issued a poster, scarlet and gold, outlined in purple, of a sad-faced Emperor on an agate throne, sipping orangeade from a cracked blue mug.

Golden letters large as a man's head announced:

"All the world reads 'Annie.' (Price six shillings.)"

Into the fray Pandora Bigge leaped, eager to break a literary lance.

Subtle, demi-toned, on the London hoardings, with a leering eye, a vast Pierrot peered; Beardsley-like, pock-marked with bows and sprigs of myrtle, holding a mask, a bauble, and a rose.

Underneath, delicate, in Pandora's hand:

"When it can't get 'Any!' (Net price *four-and-six.*)"

(All rights strictly reserved)

London read and gaped, read and gaped again.

'Twas the summer season, before Leviathan rises from the deep for his annual visit.

"Any" and "Annie" were a godsend to the papers. They devoted whole columns to the subject. Letters poured in from "A Constant Reader," "X. Y. Z.," a "Lover of Truth." The Bishop of Four Towers deemed both books "immoral." Cardinal Bonnebouche thundered on their "lesson."

And then as the excitement was reaching its height and Royalty and Royalties were seen on the horizon, a little cloud appeared, large as a man's purse, sinister and golden in the authors' heaven. A rumour that spread with whispers and panic; a fluttering in the News-cots of advertisement; a curious lack of rest in political circles; the hint of "Disclosures" by One Who Knew. . . .

Suddenly the storm broke. A flashing of Scandal with a smattering and shattering of all lesser fry; and, like a pricked bubble, "Annie" and "Any" went out into the dust of oblivion.

Fear held London, and London held her breath.

For Baron Zimm of Englandholme had published "Some." . . .

MURIEL HINE

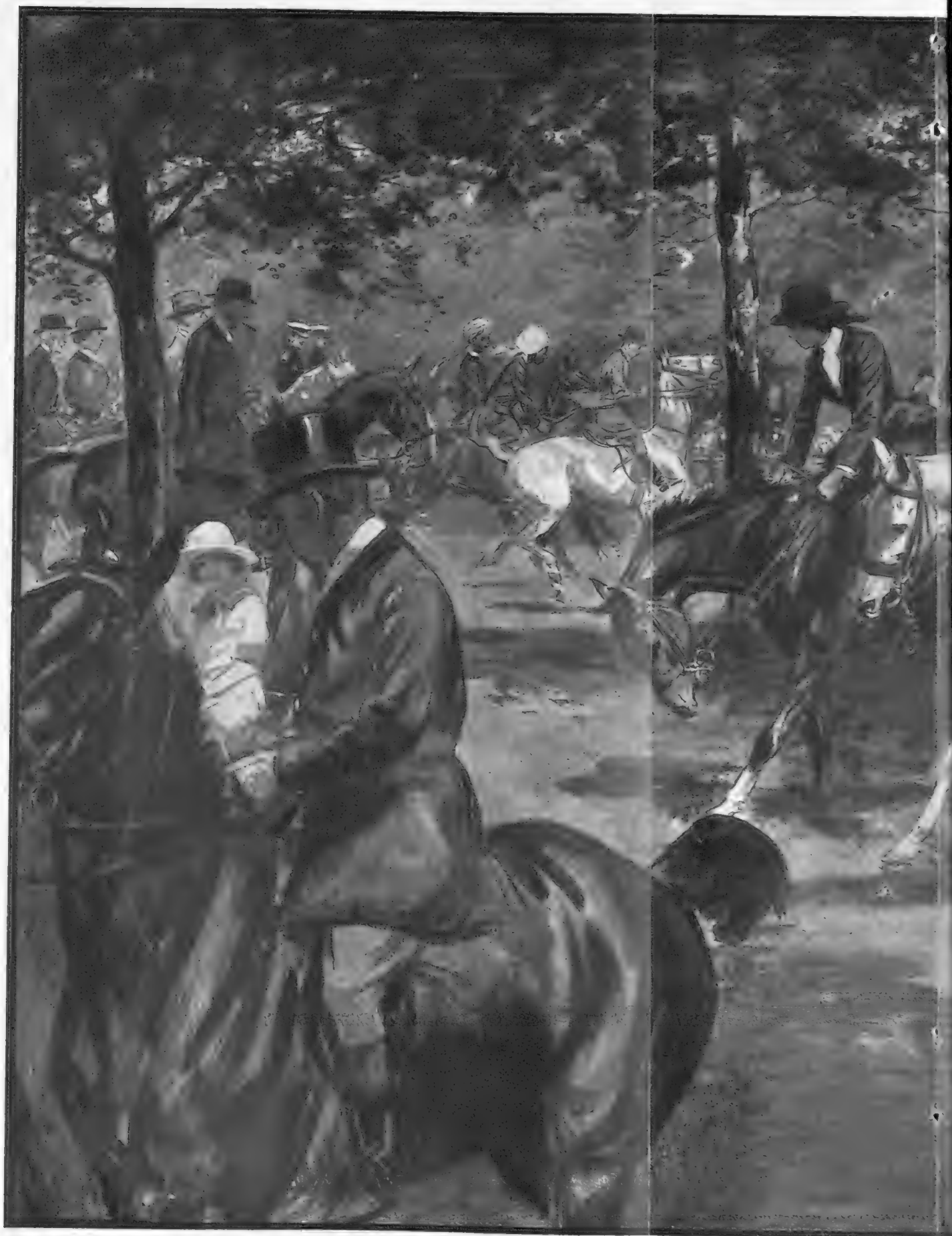
An Old Rivalry in a New Setting

THE INTER-'VARSITY SAILING RACES AT OXFORD

The Oxford and Cambridge Sailing Competition, one of the more recent additions to the list of Inter-'Varsity contests, is a thoroughly sporting affair. Unlike the ordinary sailing race in which the boats are privately owned, these races are sailed in boats belonging to the two 'Varsity clubs, which are all of one design and rig and consequently of about equal speed, and the competitors draw for them, so that the victory—barring, of course, the luck which is always present in sailing—goes to the man who handles his boat best. This year it was Cambridge's turn to visit Oxford, and the races were sailed on the upper river, in Kennington Reach. The day was almost too fine, for the wind was at first so light that the first two races were practically drifting matches, but a decent breeze sprang up for the third which was consequently the best. The Cambridge side were quick to adapt themselves to the manners and customs of the Oxford boats and, after a keen contest, were only beaten by 16 points to 11

THE COSMOPOLITAN T

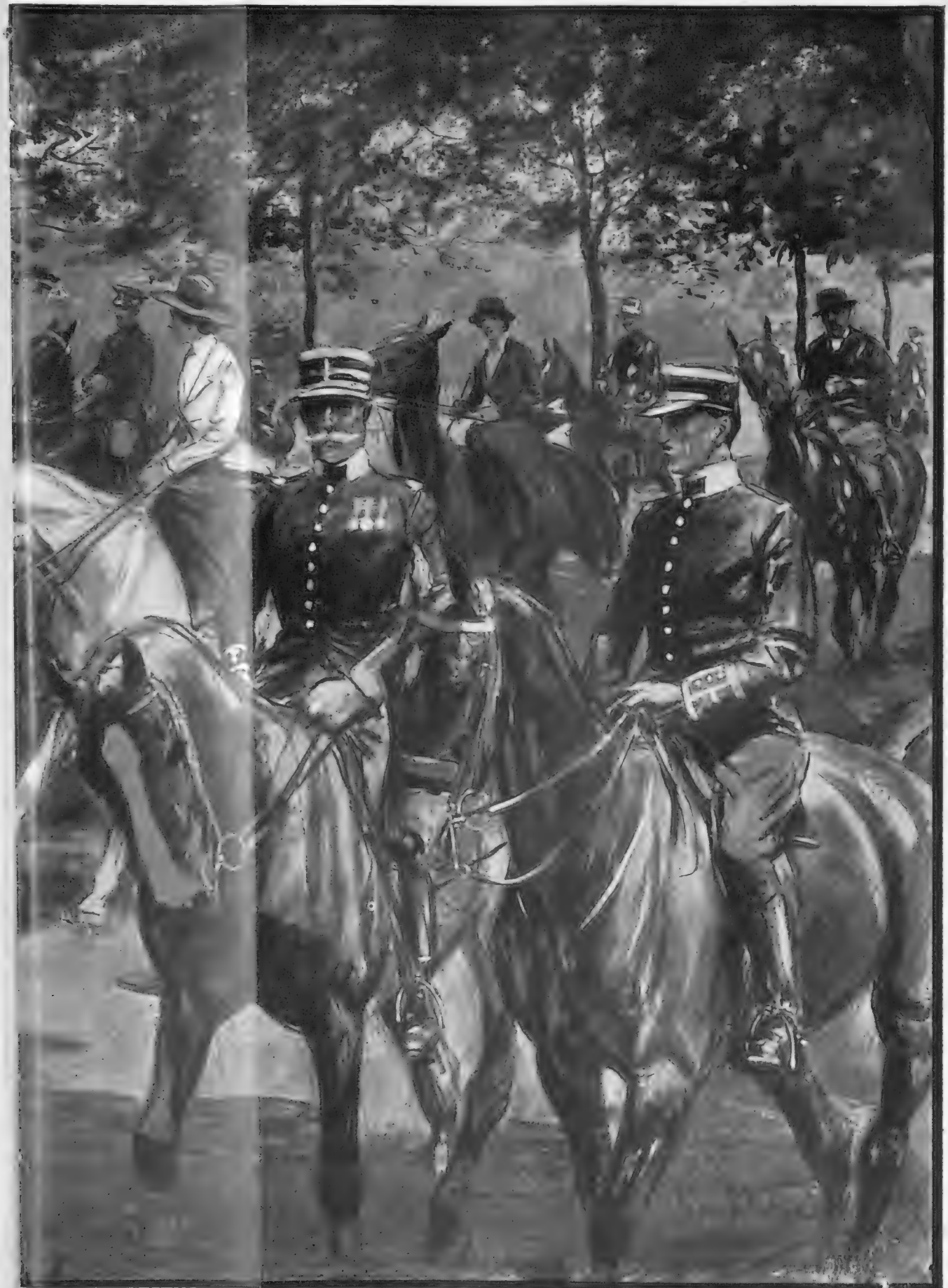
DURING THE WEEK OF THE OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW, AT WHICH



The Olympia Horse Show is now in full swing—or rather in full jump—and, as usual, the cosmopolitan element is paramount. Comp
of showing their equestrian achievements to the British people, the

TOUCH IN THE ROW

H ALL HORSE-BREEDING NATIONALITIES ARE REPRESENTED



npetitors come from all places over the globe where the horse is bred, and while they are over here, with the opportunity hey turn out, of course, in the Row, as depicted above

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

Not Only the Kaiser, But the Tsar

CELEBRATES A JUBILEE—IN A VERY DIFFERENT WAY

No Emperor of Russia has travelled so much among his countrymen as King Nicholas II. This is not, of course, saying very much, but as Tsarevitch he crossed the Empire from the Pacific to the Baltic before the existence of the Siberian railway. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has chosen the occasion of the Tercentenary of the Romanoff Dynasty to make another tour of his country. The photograph above is of the reception of the Imperial yacht on its arrival at Kostrova on the *Volga*, a visit to which was included in the tour, and inset is a photograph of the Tsar with the Tsaritsa (on the left) laying the foundation-stone of a monument at Kostrova in commemoration of the 300 years' Jubilee. It is instructive, however, to note that in the case of the Kaiser the German people did the celebrating; in the Tsar's case the Russian people are content to look on

M. Poincaré's Day Off

A REVUE IN ONE ACT AND SEVERAL TABLEAUX

BY INNUMERABLE AUTHORS

VIVE LE PRÉSIDENT!

England's honoured guest of this week, to whom a hearty national welcome is being given

M. Poincaré, having expressed a desire to see London as London really is, the Government, after a protracted sitting of the Committee of National Defence, who, it has since transpired, managed eventually to arrive at an entente cordiale, decided to allow the distinguished President of the nation amie mais pas alliée a day off from the sometimes wearisome and invariably wearying round of "amusements" arranged for the entertainment of the Chiefs of States. The one difficulty which the Government was compelled to face was that of discovering a worthy and competent cicerone. THE BYSTANDER, *hearing of this difficulty, promptly offered his services, which the Government, taking into consideration his cosmopolitan character, promptly accepted, and he was invited to call at* 10 *o'clock in the morning of the day appointed for* M. POINCARÉ'S *relaxation, and to place himself at the President's disposal.* THE BYSTANDER, *therefore, having donned his dress-clothes as befitting the occasion, left his residence amid a fire of "'Ere's luck, Frenchie," from a band of insufficiently employed errand boys, and betook himself to York House, where on presentation of his visiting card he was at once shown up to the Presidential bedroom. His Excellency was evidently in high good humour, for from his room could be heard the familiar strains of:*

"A moi la jeunesse, à moi les plaisirs. . . ."

MR. BYSTANDER (*opening the door timidly*): M. le Président. . . .

M. POINCARÉ (*continuing his song*): A moi leur désirs. . . . Ah, mon cher BYSTANDER, c'est vous? Entrez donc entrez donc, je vous en prie. But why that costume there? L'habit? The smoking would have been bad enough, but l'habit? My poor friend, if you had carried what you English call dress-clothes as often as I have you would be more than content not to carry them for one day. I shall wear the complete for our little bomb.

MR. BY.: I beg your pardon?

M. P.: The complete for our little bomb. Le complet pour notre petite bombe.

MR. BY.: Quite so, quite so. And now, M. le Président, what can I do for you?

M. P.: My little friend, you shall show me London. You shall show me everything that is the most English. Occupe toi de R ymond, ha, ha!

MR. BY.: Well, the first thing to do now that you are dressed is to order a taxi. (*Rings bell.*)

M. P.: Taxi? Taxi-auto? But no, my good friend. We have too many of them in Paris. I want to do nothing but what is English. Let us take a hansom. (*To servant who has just entered.*) Order a hansom.

SERVANT (*astonished*): A hansom, Your Excellency?

M. P.: Yes, a hansom. And quicken yourself. The day advances itself.

SERVANT (*retiring*): Hansom? These Frenchmen don't seem to be very up to date.

After half an hour the servant returns to explain that no hansom is to be found in the streets of London, but he has heard that there is one in the British Museum.

M. P. (*imperiously*): Then get it. The entente cordiale was not made for nothing.

Another half-hour elapses, at the end of which the servant reappears with an ancient hansom, drawn by an equally ancient horse, likewise procured with no little difficulty, and an extremely ancient driver with a nose of the finest old crusted, fruity sort.

M. P.: Quelle drôle d'équipage!

(*They clamber in with some difficulty amid the smiles of the guard.*)

MR. BY.: Whither shall we go, M. le Président. To the Academy?

M. P. (*horrified*): Académie? Mais j'en fais partie! I have told you. I do not wish to see anything which is not English.

MR. BY.: But this is not your Academy. It's a picture show—a salon, in fact.

M. P. (*still more horrified*): Salon! Quelle corvée. But I have supped of salons. No, no, my poor little friend, you shall show me something more rigolo than that. And your English pictures! Oh, la, la, la, la, la!

MR. BY. (*echoing*): La, la! Shall we take a drive in the park, then?

M. P.: Drive in the park? Oh, no, all but no. You have parks. We have the Bois de Boulogne. (*Consulting his watch.*) I am going to tell you what we shall do, my old one. It is the hour of the apéritif. You shall take me to one of your famous bars. We are going to drink the cocktail.

MR. BY. (*dubiously*): Very well.

They arrive at a famous hotel, and after some difficulty discover a door labelled buffet, which, they are informed, is the American bar.

M. P. (*visibly annoyed*): Buffet? Pourquoi buffet?

The bar, an exceedingly small one, is presided over by a somewhat arrogant female.

BARMAID: Well, what are you going to have?

M. P.: Two of your best cocktails, my beautiful one.

The BARMAID *tosses a head covered with someone else's curls, and returns with two glasses containing an extremely nasty compound, the best part of which is the ice, demanding at the same time two shillings.*

M. P.: Comme c'est mauvais, et comme c'est cher! Et quel drôle de bar! I thought you English were the creators of bars. Why in Paris we can show you something much better than this.

MR. BY. (*with pleasant recollections of the Chatham, etc.*): I know only too well. But where are we going to lunch—Romano's, the Savoy, the Ritz, the Café Royal?

M. P.: Romano, Savoie, Ritz, Café Royal, but you become mad, my old one. I have told you I wish to go nowhe e which is not absolutely English.

MR. BY. (*ruefully*): That's true. Well, I'll take you to a typically English place.

"M. POINCARÉ'S DAY OFF" (*continued*)

They rejoin their cab, and after rousing the driver proceed citywards, arriving after some difficulty at an ancient and famous "chophouse."

M. P. : Quelle sale boite et on m'a toujours dit que les Anglais n' aimaient que la propreté !

MR. BY. : I know, but it's a very old place, you see.

M. P. : Cela se voit rudement bien. Well, what are we going to eat ?

WAITER : Naice chump chop, gentlemen, fillet steak, boof à la mode.

M. P. : Bœuf à la mode ? Mais ce n'est pas Anglais ça !

MR. BY. (*somewhat sententiously*) : We have borrowed of your best, M. le Président.

M. P. : C'est à voir. No, give me a mutton chop and some potatoes.

WAITER : Sooty ?

M. P. : Qu'est ce qu'il dit ?

MR. BY. (*in his best French*) : Il vous demande si vous voulez des pommes sautées.

M. P. : But then, there is *nothing* English in England ? No, some pommes à l'anglaise.

WAITER : Never 'eard of them, sir.

MR. BY. (*hurriedly*) : Two mutton chops and boiled potatoes. And now what shall we drink ? Beer ? Whisky ?

M. P. (*irritably*) : My poor old one, thou art mad. Beer ? Whisky ? Mais c'est tout ce qu'il-y-a de plus Parisien. They drink but that at Paris.

MR. BY. (*wearily*) : Shandy-gaff ?

M. P. : Yes, shandy-gaff. I have never tasted of it.

MR. BY. (*ordering it : aside*) : And you'll probably wish you never had.

The waiter brings the lunch. They eat.

M. P. : J'ai mangé de meilleurs mutton-chop à Paris et quant à ces pommes de terre . . . !

MR. BY. : And the shandy-gaff ?

M. P. : Ça a un goût de savon mélangé avec de l' eau de Seine. And they call this déjeuner !

MR. BY. (*with patriotic feelings roused*) : But this is by no means our *best* restaurant.

M. P. : No, my dear, I am sure of it. But, then, the rest are French, is it not ?

MR. BY. (*sadly, but truthfully*) : It is. But to turn to other matters. What shall we do this afternoon ? Would you care to see the German Exhibition ?

M. P. : ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

MR. BY. : I beg your pardon. Very tactless of me. There's a matinée of "Hullo, Ragtime ! "

M. P. : Have pity, my old one. Ragtime ! Mon Dieu, and we do not hear but that at Paris.

MR. BY. (*seeing his way out of the difficulty*) : I know I'll show you something you haven't got in Paris. We'll go to a cricket match.

M. P. : Volontiers, but let us send away this hansom. I do not like your English carriages. Order a taxi.

MR. BY. *obeys, and they buzz off to Lord's.*

M. P. : It is of what mark, this machine ?

MR. BY. (*reluctantly*) : It's a Renaud.

They arrive at Lord's. The usual extremely slow and uninteresting game is in progress. They watch it in silence for a quarter of an hour.

M. P. : But what are they fabricating there ? When does it begin ?

MR. BY. : It's been going on like this for hours.

M. P. : Is it possible ? And they call that to amuse oneself.

MR. BY. : I confess it is rather weird. Shall we move on ?

M. P. (*giving* MR. BY. *the accolade*) : My very dear, with the greatest pleasure.

They rejoin their taxi.

MR. BY. : Where would you like to go now ?

M. P. : Mon cher, il ne faut pas vous fâcher, but can you show me something which is English and at the same time amusing ?

MR. BY. : A cinematograph show ?

M. P. : But you have forgotten Pathé !

MR. BY. : Tea at the Ritz ?

M. P. : Le fiv' o'clock. Chez Ritz. Mais on ne connait que cela à Paris.

MR. BY. : The Zoo ?

M. P. : Le Jardin des Plantes, merci.

MR. BY. : Madame Tussaud's ?

M. P. (*gently, but firmly*) : I said something *English*, my dear BYSTANDER.

MR. BY. : A museum ?

M. P. (*more firmly*) : I said *amusing*.

MR. BY. (*at his wit's end*) : Let's go and sit in the park and watch the people.

M. P. : Eh bien, faute de mieux.

They drive off, and are deposited in the so-called "fashionable" part of the park. Here they sit for some time watching the crowd.

M. P. (*after a long silence*) : How they are badly dressed, these women.

MR. BY. (*on the defensive*) : Oh, but those aren't our *smart* women. They're only people up from the suburbs. They come to look at the others.

M. P. : But where are they, these others ?

MR. BY. (*embarrassed*) : Well, you see these Brixton people have crowded them out.

M. P. (*sotto voce*) : Quel drôle de pays !

They leave the park. As they go out of the gates a procession of women passes along, disturbing the traffic and generally annoying everyone except themselves.

M. P. : Who are they ?

MR. BY. (*forcibly*) : Our infernal Suffragettes—the curse of England. They burn our churches, our houses, and our letter-boxes. They make life hideous. They stop at nothing. . . .

M. P. : Je préfère nos apaches.

MR. BY. : We'd willingly make an exchange.

M. P. : Merci. Gardez vos Pankhursts et laissez-nous nos Bonnots !

They walk on in the direction of York House. Crossing the park M. POINCARÉ *notices a number of men lying asleep on the grass, and inquires as to their identity.* MR. BYSTANDER *explains that they are typical members of the great army of the unemployed.*

M. P. : It doesn't seem to worry them much, this want of employ.

MR. BY. : No ; this present Government has made philosophers of them.

M. P. : Why not make soldiers of them ?

MR. BY. : You must ask Lord Roberts that.

M. P. (*looking at his watch*) : I doubted of it, my dear. It is the hour of the apéritif. Let us go and take a Pernod at your club. I do not like your cocktails.

MR. BY. (*gravely*) : M. le Président, I verily believe that were I to drink absinthe in my club I should be reported to the committee. I might as well play baccara.

M. P. : You don't play baccara in your cercles ?

MR. BY. : Good Heavens, no !

M. P. : Well, what do you do ?

MR. BY. : Oh, we read the papers, write letters, play billiards or bridge, talk a great deal. . . .

M. P. : Que cela doit être rasoir.

MR. BY. (*truthfully*) : It often is.

They hail a taxi and drive to one of the very rare cafés that exist in London. While sipping their absinthe they discuss the evening programme.

(*Continued on page 694*)

Insanity Below the Belt

OR STUDIES IN SKIRTS— AS WORN AT LONGCHAMPS

THE SUMURUN NOTE

THE—WELL, WHAT?

THE FERN AND FLOWER POT IDEA

THE FORGOTTEN PAST
(In the Rue de la Paix)

"OH WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE!"

Time was when the skirt was a more or less self-coloured garment. But now—not at all; "We must have colour schemes,

THE KNOT NOTION
(On the right)

THE FOLDER BLANKET

scrolls and flowery patterns, buttons and folds galore," says the Gay Parisienne. Well, they are "La Mode." *Cela suffit*

M. POINCARÉ'S DAY OFF" (concluded)

MR. BY. (*having made several unsuccessful suggestions*) : What about the Empire ?

M. P. : The Empire ! And it is the Republic that overthrew it !

MR. BY. : The Alhambra, then ?

M. P. : Je viens de quitter Alphonso.

MR. BY. : The new revue at the——?

M. P. : Revue ? As if we hadn't enough revues in Paris.

MR. BY. : *Diplomacy* at Wyndham's ?

M. P. : Mais c'est du Sardou ça !

MR. BY. (*getting desperate*) : The opera ?

M. P. : Merci nous en avons chez nous.

Eventually, after a protracted discussion, they decide to dine at the Ritz, go on to the Gaiety, and sup at the Savoy. M. POINCARÉ *is delighted with his dinner and charmed with the Gaiety, though he is a little disappointed to learn that all the chorus girls are not peeresses of the realm.* MR. BYSTANDER *reassures him, however, with the remark that they are all peeresses in prospective. The supper at the Savoy also meets with Presidential praise, though he is a little astonished by the "time gentlemen" just as coffee is being served, and imagines himself for the moment at a "grand combat de boxe."*

M. P. (*as at last the absence of light compels them to move*) : Et maintenant qu'est ce-qu' on peut faire ? Est-ce qu' on peut aller voir les. . . .

MR. BY. : No, no, *impossible*. . . .

M. P. : Or make a little party of chemin de-fer ?

MR. BY. : Oh, yes, we can do that. Come along.

They drive off to one of the many hospitable houses where one can now lose one's money as quickly, if not more so, than anywhere on the Continent, and without any of that Continental control which makes unfair play a practical impossibility nowadays. The "host" receives them most graciously, and M. POINCARÉ *is soon engrossed in a game of chemin-de fer which would do the Casino of Aix credit in the height of the season.*

M. P. (*after giving up a hand that has passed eight times*) : And what percentage does your Chancellor of the Exchequer take of the cagnotte ?

MR. BY. : Percentage ? Good Heavens, none at all, of course. Why the game is strictly forbidden.

M. P. : Is it ? Well, if your Government only realised the value of the cagnotte as well as I do it would be permitted to-morrow. Tell that to Mr. Lloyd George with my compliments.

MR. BY. : I shan't fail to.

Play continues. At about 2 a.m. there is a scuffling noise heard outside the room, the door is burst open, and the police rush in.

M. P. : Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, qu'est-ce-que c' est que cela ?

MR. BY. : The police ! We're raided ! A nice business !

INSPECTOR CATCHEM (*to* M. POINCARÉ) : Your name and address, please.

M. P. : Avec plaisir. Monsieur Raymond Poincaré Président de la Republique Française, à l'Elysée, Paris

INSPECTOR CATCHEM (*aside*) : Good Heavens ! And I had special orders not to interfere with his day off. (*Aloud.*) I'm very sorry, your Excellency, to have disturbed your little game of cards, but . . .

M. P. : No excuses, Inspector, I had just thought of retiring.

INSPECTOR CATCHEM : Before doing so will your Excellency permit me to make a little bank of a monkey ?

M. P. : A monkey ? What's that ? (MR. BYSTANDER *explains.*) Mais avec plaisir. Banco !

They play, and M. POINCARÉ *turns up two naturals.*

M. P. (*as he prepares to leave*) : Epatants ces Anglais. MR. BYSTANDER a thousand thanks for a most pleasant day off. We must have another next year, when I hope to return to England. In the meantime perhaps you will have been able to discover something that is amusing and exclusively British at the same time. Au revoir et bonne nuit !

[CURTAIN]

WITH A FOUR-IN-HAND TO ASCOT

Mr Alan Lupton, the well-known member of the Coaching Club, driving through the Long Walk at Windsor on his way to Ascot

MISS PEGGY FITZMAURICE

Better known, perhaps, in musical comedy as Miss Peggy Primrose, in the part of Sophie Arnould in "I Dine with my Mother," the recent "curtain-raiser" at the Savoy Theatre which preceded "The Seven Sisters." Miss Fitzmaurice is now playing with much success Dolly Rushton in Mr. Hemmerde's play "The Cardinal's Romance" at the Savoy

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A WRITER has been calling attention to the tyranny of clothes in England, especially during hot weather. It certainly did seem a little hard, last week, that Ministers should be required to go into sackcloth.

* * *

Well, well, the more interesting part of the Marconi Inquiry is over. We rather sympathise with Commendatore Marconi's objection to having it called after him, and if it is possible to rename it, we should like to have it christened "The Handel Festival."

* * *

One wonders what the next scandal will be. Will it turn out that Mr. McKenna has been promised a "call" as pastor to some Welsh chapel on condition that he passes the Disestablishment Bill?

* * *

"Exactions by brigands from muleteers on the road from Bushire to Shiraz is estimated during 1911-12 at £20,000," states the British Vice-Consul. What a dreadful condition Persia must be in! This is more than the local magistrates exact from motorists on the Bath Road in the course of a year.

* * *

The Home Secretary has a kind heart, and we think he did only the right thing in letting Mrs. Pankhurst out of gaol again for what is, after all, the very brief season of strawberries and cream.

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!

"No, they 'ud never git me to be one of their artist's models"

By James Stewart

NEGLECTED ADVICE

LADY: "I find that the parrot you sold me recently swears horribly"

BIRDSELLER (solemnly): "Ah, mum, didn't I tell you to be careful wot you said in front of 'im, as 'e's so werry quick at picking up things"

By Bert Thomas

Considerable excitement has been caused in some of the halfpenny newspaper offices by the announcement that Prince Henry is to go to Eton, and we understand that several "special correspondents" are being fitted with Eton collars and jackets in order that they may go to Eton too, and report the Royal progress intimately.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Samuel recently declared that telephone lines can only be provided for farmers in a district in the vicinity of a telephone exchange; and if, after this, farmers persist in inhabiting the open country, instead of concentrating in an exchange area, they will only have their own obstinacy to blame.

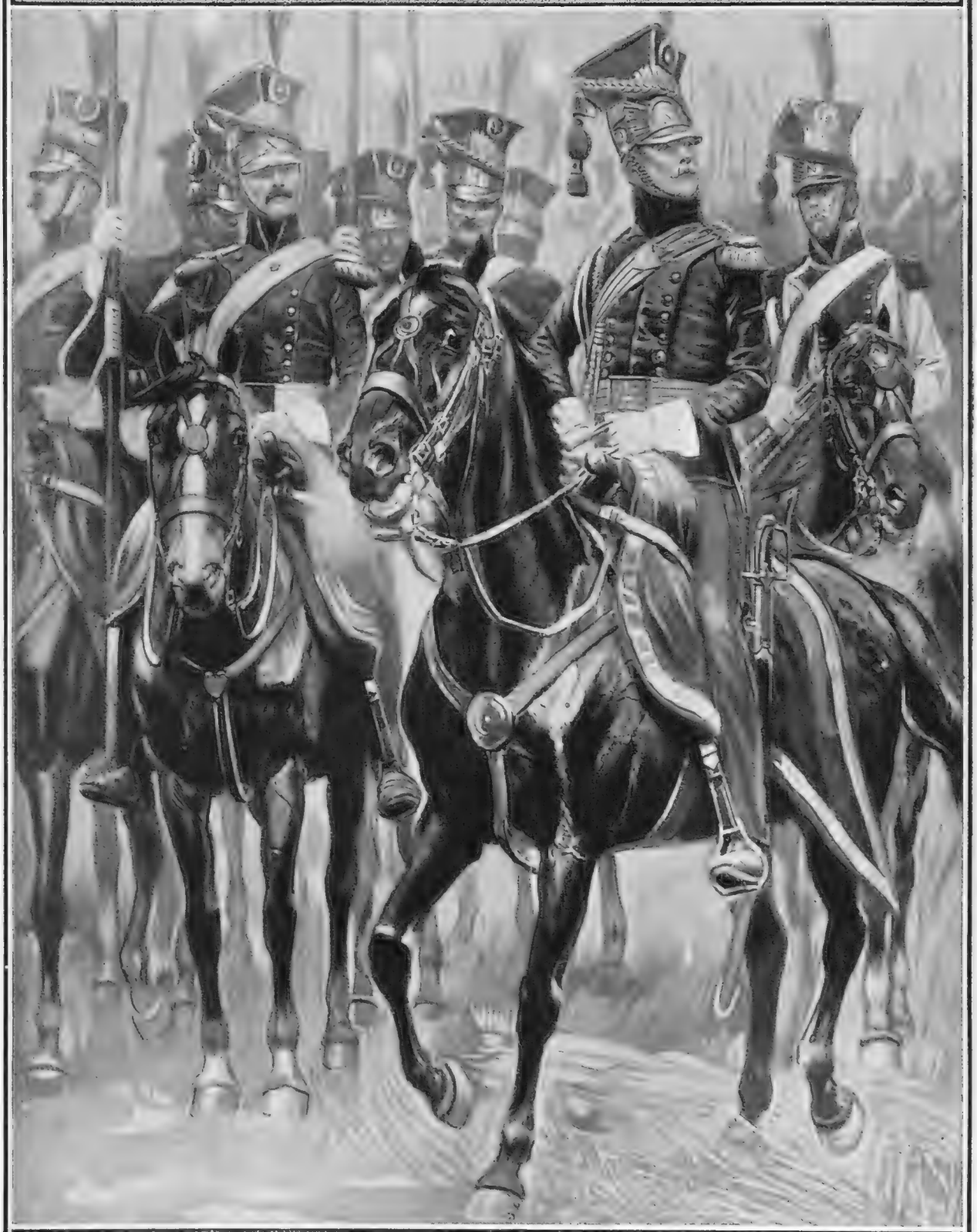
* * *

Dr. Aked, the well-known preacher who forsook Liverpool for New York, has been explaining that the reason he has since become an American citizen is that he always disliked being the subject of a King. Under these circumstances, he seems to have acted wisely in becoming Americanised, for otherwise he might have been driven into inviting the King to abdicate—a more difficult matter, on the whole, to arrange.

* * *

"A Blue Book of 1,086 pages, weighing 5lbs. 1oz., was issued last week." This is heavy, of course, but really unless "Throwing the Blue Book" is to take the place of throwing the hammer at the next Olympic Games we cannot see the use of it.

ELLIMAN'S



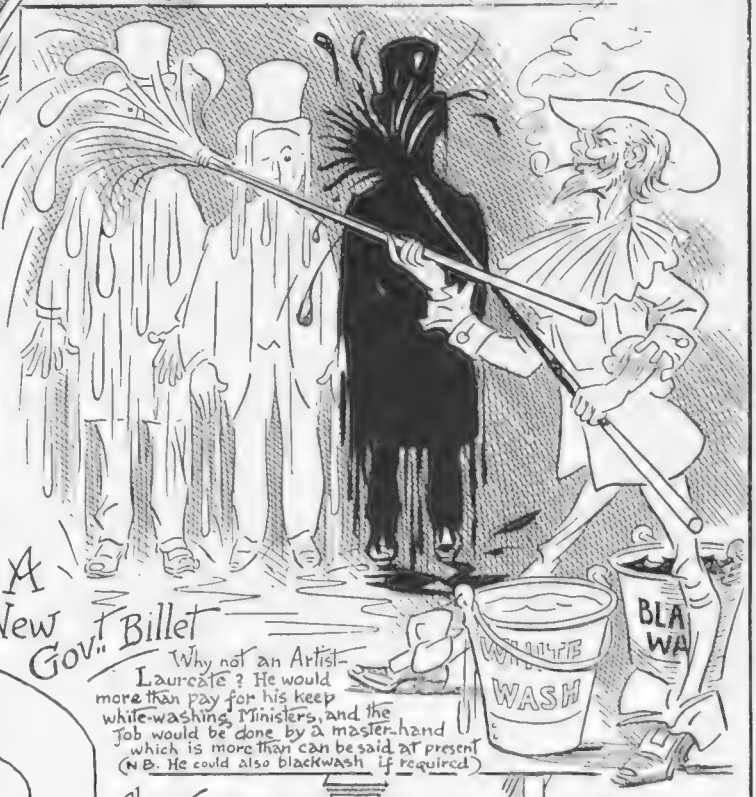
EMBROCATION

PICTURE COMMENTS of the WEEK

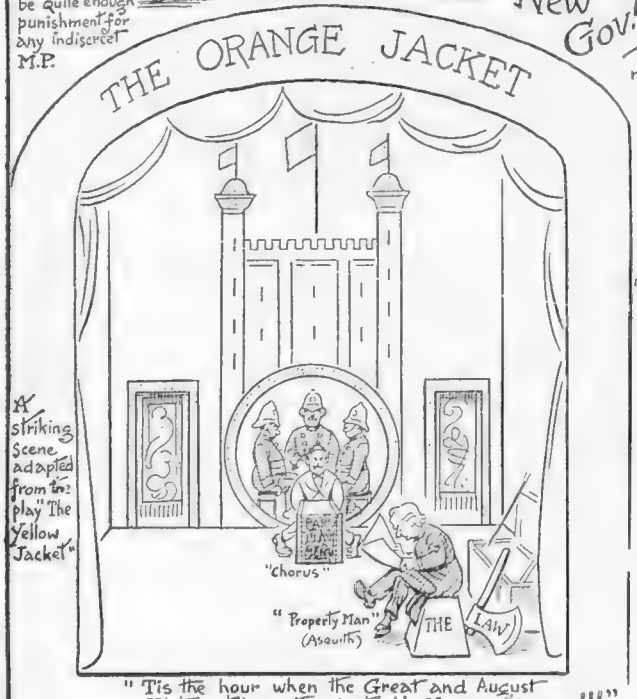
Householders in Karlstadt (Bavaria) were so surprised at the police invading their houses with flower baskets and collecting boxes that the collection was a huge success

Japanese prisoners going to court in Tokio have their heads covered with bell-like hoods of straw

The mere wearing of these for say three months with their offences legibly inscribed thereon would be quite enough punishment for any indiscreet M.P.



Why not an Artist-Laureate? He would more than pay for his keep white-washing Ministers, and the job would be done by a master-hand which is more than can be said at present (N.B. He could also blackwash if required)



A striking scene adapted from the play "The Yellow Jacket"

"'Tis the hour when the Great and August Ulster takes its siesta!! NOTHING OCCURS!!!"

We are visited and received by the best Continental families

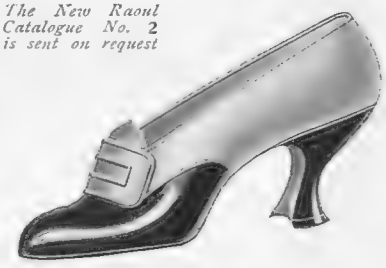
BY SID TREEBY

PARISIAN FOOTWEAR

Original and Graceful

This ankle-strap model is quite new, but it is already a favourite with smart women. It is made in a combination of White and Patent, or in Grey, Red, and Brown Kid, with Patent back, and in Golosh.

The New Raoul Catalogue No. 2 is sent on request



New Buckle Shoe

With short vamp of Glacé Patent and back of Beige, Grey, Black, or White, this Buckle Shoe presents a sweet and comely appearance No toe-cap—this means extra comfort. Price, *without buckle,*

22/- and 24/-

The newest and most beautiful mode of the Season

"COTHURNE" SHOE

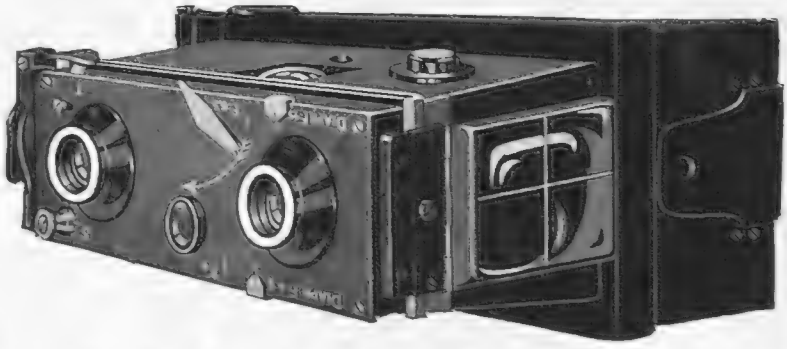
The rare beauty of the modelling, and the charming style of lacing, commend this evening shoe to every lady. It needs only to be seen to be admired. Any gown can be matched, the "Cothurne" being obtainable in any colour satin. It is to be had also in Patent, Black Suède, or Velvet, White and Silver Brocade, or White and Gold Brocade. We can adapt any other style of evening shoe for "Cothurne" lacing if required.

Write for New Raoul Catalogue No. 2

***The* RAOUL SHOE Co. *of* PARIS, 195 Regent St., London, W**

MOVEMENT
ATMOSPHERE
DISTANCE
FORM IN RELIEF
COLOUR

—these elements, seen and perceived in natural objects, are conveyed with wonderful truth in the pictures taken by this camera. Verascope Pictures charm all who see them.



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Write for our CATALOGUE No. 3, or call and see the Verascope and its wonderful work at our Showrooms—

JULES RICHARD *Verascope House*, **27 New Bond St., London, W**

THE BYSTANDER IN THE COUNTRY

A TRADITIONAL COUNTRY DANCE

In which the performers are seen wearing Morris-dance baldricks and bells. Happily, as explained in the article below, there has been a great revival in Morris and Country dancing recently, and the sight represented above is not an uncommon one in the rural districts of Oxfordshire, Somersetshire, and Yorkshire

THOSE who believe that the whole truth about the Country has been delivered to one political party or the other, may well have their attention drawn to the fact that Mr. Cecil Sharp directed a performance of English Morris dances, country dances, and sword dances in Paris last week.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Mr. Sharp has certainly been given one of the trifling Civil List pensions which the nation has the assurance to offer men who have done really outstanding work, very few people have any notion of the significance of the remarkable revival of the ancient dances and primitive songs which is now proceeding in rural England.

* * *

FOR instruction about the Country, the nation shows a touching faith in politicians and parsons. The politicians say that all will be well if this and the other is done about wages, housing, and small holdings. The parsons are sure that eternal peace will descend upon the countryside if it will only come to church. As if man only thought of his pockets, his stomach, or his soul! Now and then, of course, he thinks of his legs.

* * *

AT this time of the year on the Continent thousands of English people are applauding all kinds of folk dance and song, and saying, "Well, you cannot see this sort of thing in England. We're not a dancing and singing nation, and never have been."

* * *

WHICH is simply untrue. Few nations have a finer inheritance of popular songs than the English. But when much of the vigour of the Shires was drawn away to minerals and steam, a blow was dealt at country dancing and folk singing. The best dancers and singers left their greens for cobbled Cottonopolises and Woolopolises, for the sooty Midlands and the mines and pits of the North and West of England. The broken remnant of folk dancers and singers was sometimes able to go on dancing and singing, but oftener it gradually lost interest and skill. As for the emigrants to the towns, what with their hard round of toil, their bad housing, and their unaccustomed food, they soon lost heart for dances and songs which townspeople regarded contemptuously.

* * *

THEN the dancing-master triumphed. Dancing became an indoor thing. It was brought out of the open air into stuffiness made endurable by scent. It lost its bouncing health. What had been natural was genteelly elaborated and ornamented into the perfect product of the ballroom floor.

* * *

THE Bunny Hug, Turkey Trot, and so forth of to-day should, perhaps, be welcomed as an attempt to "return to Nature!" One thing is certain that, at the very moment that the life of modern dancing is seemingly despaired of in the *Times*, the old dancing of our villages is being revived by musical enthusiasts and scholars with the most promising results. Fortunately, one old connoisseur of the ancient dances wrote a book, of which many copies survive. Fortunately, also, in out-of-the-way parts of such counties as rural Oxfordshire, Somersetshire, and Yorkshire a few people remain who remember something of the traditional dancing. And the most has been patriotically made of these advantages.

* * *

THEREFORE you can now go into plenty of English villages and see the revived country dances being danced again with zest and no small degree of skill, and danced in a way that is going to do wonders for rural life. For those who have been responsible for the revival have realised the humanising power of the dance, and so whenever the new old dances are danced the squire's wife and her maids, the farmer's sons and the ploughboys, the schoolmistresses and week-enders are footing it and arming it on the grass and singing folk songs together. An unaccountable and infectious enthusiasm is generated; true neighbourliness is advanced; and a new conception of the possibilities of a happy friendly life in the village is entering the minds of well-to-do and workers.

Joseph Simpson, R.B.A. *Copyright. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.*

JAMES BOSWELL

This Picture is the Ninth of a Series of colored Portraits of Famous Scots published by

JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Perth & London

Switzerland in Summer

SOME HOLIDAY CENTRES REACHED BY THE SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS

OBERHOFEN
On Lake Thun within easy reach of Interlaken

FINHAUT AND THE AIGUILLES ROUGES
In the Martigny-Chamonix district

Photographs *Wehrli*

GERSAU AND THE OBERBAUEN

Gersau is one of the most charming of Swiss towns It is situated on the northern bank of Lake Lucerne

LOCARNO AND LAKE MAGGIORE

A view taken from the Madonna de Sasso Gallery in Locarno, which is situated a few miles on the north side of the frontier of Switzerland and Italy

ENGELBERG IN THE ENGADINE

At a height of 3,315 feet above the sea, Engelberg is within a two hours' journey of Lake Lucerne

All the world and his wife—or somebody else's—go to Switzerland in the winter for the Sports. But we would like to remind our readers that even in summer Switzerland is quite a good place to go to. The lakes and chalets are still there, and the difference in the height of the mountains is quite inappreciable, except, of course, to a few obese climbers, to whom a few feet matter! The bracing air, too, is still there, and the sun is hotter. So let us be off at once

1,000,000 Free "Hair Drill" Outfits

THE VERY REMEDY USED BY
ROYALTY AND THE LEADERS OF SOCIETY

The Method that NEVER FAILS to Grow Healthy, Luxuriant Hair.

Are we Becoming a Bald-Headed Race?

A famous scientist has asked this question—is the answer to be yes or no?

This scientist has stated that baldness and Hair trouble of various types are on the increase in this country.

To ascertain whether this contention is based on fact certain investigations have recently been made.

Very observant journalists have gone to various places where men and women congregate, and have paid special attention to the heads (and hair) of those assembled there.

Their reports most startlingly confirm the scientist's statement.

A leading West End theatre was one of the first places visited.

The heads of the majority of the audience betrayed the very saddening increase of baldness and hair poverty in this country of late years.

It was noticed, however, that in many instances men and women possessed heads of hair that were most luxuriant in growth and healthy in appearance. They afforded a complete and striking contrast to their less fortunate neighbours.

These were the heads of men and women who gave their hair the daily nourishment and scientific "two minutes" drill it needs in order to grow strong and luxuriant.

It is the daily nourishment and "drill" everyone's hair requires in order to develop its full strength and attractiveness of appearance.

Bald Heads Everywhere.

Other places visited in order to ascertain the condition of the hair of the British people were:—St. Paul's Cathedral, the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, the City Temple, the Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall, the Stock Exchange, a fashionable restaurant not a hundred miles from Piccadilly Circus, the smoking-room of a well-known West End club, and the House of Commons just assembled.

Everywhere the result of this observation was the same.

Why Hair Trouble Exists and Increases.

"Only what might be expected," said the Royal Hair Specialist when the result of these independent observations were brought to him.

"The hair is the most sensitive and delicate part of the human organism.

"It is as sensitive to ill-conditions as it is to good conditions.

"Modern life, especially as lived in cities, with its continual stress and strain, and the absence of fresh, unpolluted air, is inimical to health—and the hair, being so delicate an organism, is the first to suffer."

That is why the hair, unless it receives special attention, grows scanty, weak, and even falls out altogether.

How Two Minutes' Daily Hair Culture Improves Your Hair.

Happily, however, the hair responds to good treatment just as quickly as it suffers from bad conditions.

To preserve your hair, to keep it in good health and condition, all you have to do is to give it that daily nourishment and drill it requires.

It only takes two minutes a day.

Everyone, however busy, can spare that time.

And Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, to-day gives you the opportunity of practising the most successful method of scientific hair culture ever discovered.

What the Royal Hair Specialist Sends you Free To-day.

Write to him to-day (using the coupon printed below), and by return of post you will receive everything required for banishing all hair and scalp troubles, and growing a healthy, luxuriant head of hair.

The outfit consists of the following:—

1. **"Harlene" Hair Food. It contains in the right scientific proportions just what the hair needs to grow strong and healthy. It nourishes the hair roots, and imparts fresh strength and vigour to the hair.**
2. **A TRIAL PACKAGE OF "CREMEX" FOR THE SCALP. "Cremex" is the best of all Shampoo Powders for home use. It dissolves all Scurf and Dandruff deposits and prevents them re-forming. It removes irritation, and it brings the scalp into a clean, healthy, cool and comfortable condition. Further, it combines with "Harlene" to strengthen the hair and infuse fresh vitality into the hair roots. It also endows the hair with a beautiful gloss and lustre which immensely enhances its appearance.**
3. **A book containing the secret rules of "Hair Drill," the infallible method of Hair Culture.**

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from all leading chemists and stores in the British Isles in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles, and "Cremex" in 1*s.* boxes of 7 Shampoos (single Shampoos 2*d.*), or direct and post free (foreign orders freight extra) from the Edwards Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But just try these wonderful Hair-growers. Get your Outfit—it is free.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO A VALUABLE FREE GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR.

Cut out this Coupon To-day and post it to

THE EDWARDS HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, W.C.

In return you will receive everything required for banishing all weakness and disorder from your hair and scalp and growing luxuriant and healthy hair.

You are courteously requested to enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay the carriage of the Free Hair Drill Outfit to any address in the world (foreign stamps excepted).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Bystander. June 25, 1913. **Use this Form to-day**

"Polly Peachum"

Mr. Charles Pearce is an industrious compiler. His latest volume adds little to one's knowledge, but is not unentertaining. *Polly Peachum and the Beggar's Opera* (Stanley Paul: 16*s.* net) is a theatrical *pot pourri* with many pages of quotations (most of them well-known) and various scandals of the kind which seem to be so popular nowadays. The original Polly Peachum was the Lavinia Fenton who retired on her laurels at an early age—immediately after her success in Gay's play—to become the mistress, later the wife, of the third Duke of Bolton. That Mr. Pearce has not been able to find out anything fresh about Polly's earlier career is not surprising, but he quotes widely from the scandalous and probably mythological "Life" which was put forth by some Curll-like publisher at the time of her success.

Theatrical Gossip

There are chapters on Rich's management of his theatres, extracts from contemporary criticisms of the play which made Gay rich and Rich gay, as an old epigram has it, biographies in miniature of a number of people who had something to do with Polly or with her companions, an account of Sally Salisbury, who was certainly no better than she ought to have been, and a sketch of the original Polly's successors. It is only in the chapter in which Mr. Pearce criticises the opinion that the Beggar's Opera was written as a "skit" upon the then most popular and most ludicrous Italian operas with their stiff and unmusical conventions, that there is anything really new. (One is inclined to agree with Mr. Pearce's conclusions.) But, then, people so rarely want anything really new. The book does not err on the side of prudery, and although the author seems to deprecate the habit shown by some of the older compilers of "writing round their subject," he cannot be said to have avoided their example. The illustrations, many taken from prints in Mr. Broadley's surprising collections, are numerous and interesting.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE
Whose new novel, "The River of Stars," is reviewed on this page

Hill-Birds

A very warm welcome should await Mr. Seton Gordon's *The Charm of the Hills* (Cassell: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), a series of papers on the habits of hill-birds. These papers, of which I have not space to speak in detail, are not only amazingly comprehensive, but of quite unusual interest—even, I suspect, to those singular persons who can look at a bird with no particular emotion. The eighty-four photographs taken, some after the greatest trouble, by Mr. Gordon are in themselves a collection to delight the heart of a naturalist. But Mr. Gordon, in addition to keen powers of observation, has an easy pen, and no bird-lover can afford to miss so pleasing a volume.

Detective Stories

A good detective story always finds many readers. It need not, I take it, actually possess an individual sleuth-hound of the kind with which we are all so familiar. Mr. Victor Bridges's *The Man From Nowhere* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*) opens in archaic fashion. There is a meeting on the Embankment (of course it is the Embankment) between two men who are exact doubles. (I have never heard of exact doubles in real life, but if art is not allowed to go a little beyond nature, where is its use?) One of the men is a millionaire, the other is not. They change places, for the millionaire is fearing instant assassination, and the fun begins. Mr. John Burton's subsequent adventures are amazing. A beautiful girl shoots at his head from behind, an ugly man hurls heavy implements at him in a dark bedroom, and his butler is poisoned—all within a very few chapters. And there is hardly a character in the book who does not desire to rid the world of his presence. A good yarn of the kind which has nothing to do with the probabilities.

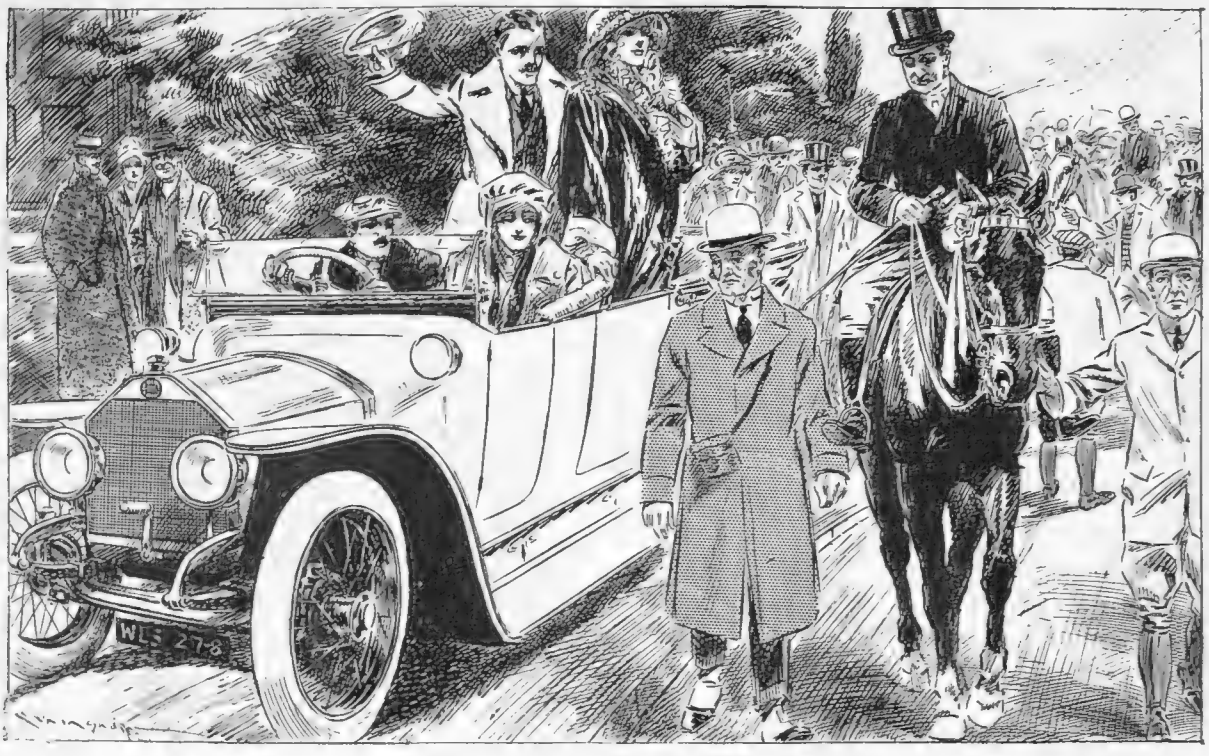
The Mysterious Amber

Mr. Edgar Wallace's last book was disappointing. His new one, *The River of Stars* (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), is extraordinarily good. I would not dream of giving away its most exciting plot, but the mysterious Amber is a creation out of the ordinary. Amber, a most gentlemanly convict with a habit of using the editorial "we" even with harsh warders, has spent many years of his life in various prisons, and seems likely to spend as many more in the same way. Yet he does not seem to repent, and, somehow, you are angry with Mr. Wallace for sending him back to gaol so soon after his release from a long term of penal servitude. Why does Amber commit these stupid crimes? We don't even know what the crimes actually are. Amber, indeed, is an altogether exasperating person until. . . . Well, I am not going to explain the mystery, nor say anything of the River in Africa itself; but the book contains a genuine thrill and shows Mr. Wallace at his best.

For a Hot Day

Mr. Walter Emanuel is his usual charivarious self in *Bubble and Squeal* (Hutchinson: 1*s.*), which is a hotch-potch of fun and frolic. The arrival of the Immortals at Shepherd's Bush may embrace an old idea, but under Mr. Emanuel's treatment opens the way to new conceptions. The invitation to Buckingham Palace sent to Henry VIII. "and wife" is only one of the many difficulties which arose. Just the book for a railway journey on a hot day.

RALPH STRAUS



FIRST IN THEIR CLASSES.

There may be some dispute about the horse, but there is none about the LANCIA Car. In its class—and there is none higher—the LANCIA, by the common consent of unbiassed authority, is without a superior either mechanically or in the perfection of its completed form. The chassis (fully equipped) realises the engineer's ideal. The body (to order) adds a personal note to the refinement of the mechanism. Together they make a car without a peer on the open road or in the town. Thirty horse-power. Chassis fully equipped with all accessories. W. L. STEWART AND CO., LTD., 26, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

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of acknowledged purity and supreme excellence.
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Scotch Whisky.
Sole Proprietors
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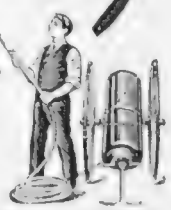
somewhere the awful cry of fire is raised. *Your* home may be attacked next, and your dear ones placed in terrible danger. Guard them by being equipped with a
'NEW ERA'
30 gallon Chemical
FIRE ENGINE.

A powerful machine for extinguishing fires, equal to thousands of gallons of water. Don't Risk Delay. Write at once.
The VALOR Co., Ltd.
Aston Cross, Birmingham.

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Write for Booklet to—
T. S. JACKSON & SONS,
Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS
BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES
Tins 1d, 3d, 6d, 1s

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

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CRÈME DE MENTHE
PIPPERMINT
GET FRÈRES
A HIGH-CLASS TONIC AND DIGESTIVE LIQUEUR
Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.
Free Sample sent upon receipt of three penny stamps.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES:
B. LAURIEZ & CO., 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

THE SOVEREIGN
MATINÉE
1913
CIGARETTE
SIZE 1 — 2/- FOR 25 HAND MADE TURKISH SIZE 3 — 1/6 FOR 25
Of all high class Tobacconists.
WEST END DEPOT
Whitmore & Bayley, 163A Piccadilly, London W.

THE PLAGE AT DIEPPE

A town that has changed but little during the past twenty-five years. In the foreground may be seen the Casino

DIEPPE REVISITED

By The Traveller

AFTER A DIP

Two fair bathers coming "back to the land" at Trouville

For Inexpensive Holidays

Until the other day, when I "ran over" to Dieppe—and, thanks to the London and Brighton it is a positive "run" over—I had not set foot in the popular *plage* for quite twenty-five years. I loved the place in the "old days," and I have come to the conclusion that I love it still. For Dieppe, despite a hundred and one—or is it a thousand?—alterations and improvements, still remains the Dieppe of my childish days. Above all, it still remains essentially French. It has adapted itself to English requirements, but—Heaven be praised—it has not allowed itself to become Anglicised. It welcomes, it invites, it does all it can to get English patronage, but it happily fails to advertise shrimp teas and so and so's "extra stout," and all the other abominations that make some of our own "plages," not to speak of one or two foreign ones through which I have passed, hideous. Dieppe, despite all facilities and not a little advertisement, retains its *cachet*. It remains what it was when I first knew it—a delightful, in many ways a picturesque, Norman seaside resort with all the "attractions" that are deemed essential for the entertainment of the holiday-maker, and few, if any, of the horrors. Indeed, to my mind, and I have made summer "resorts" a special study, Dieppe deserves even more patronage than it receives. It is so extraordinarily get-at-able; it is so essentially French; it combines splendid bathing with lovely country excursions, and it is not necessarily "ruinous." I took the trouble to inquire the prices at all the principal hotels, and at not one of them did I get anywhere near the Deauville figure. Of course, at such a perfect hotel as the Royal, one of the Gordon group, and managed by Mr. Henry Trub, of Monte Carlo fame, one cannot expect to stay for ten francs a day all included, but even at this, the leading hotel, charges are not extortionate, while at many others they are even cheap.

What Dieppe Wants

What Dieppe wants, and wants badly, is more advertisement—advertisement of the right kind. We all know that it is within five hours of London, that the London and Brighton run a boat service thereto that is second to none, that it has a big casino, good links, good bathing, and so on and so forth. But we do not know, at any rate I did not until the other day, that Dieppe possesses an attraction far more important than all the above in many English eyes, and that is trout-fishing of quite exceptional quality. I had heard for years past, but quite vaguely, that trout-fishing was to be had near Dieppe, and I at once summed that fishing up as a sport that was thrown in with the other "attractions" as a French sprat to catch the English whale. I have found that I was quite wrong. Not only is there trout-fishing, but excellent fishing at that, to be found within a few minutes, by train or motor, of Dieppe town itself—fishing to procure which one would pay at least treble the amount at home. Some of this fishing, as a matter of fact, is to be had free gratis and for nothing. The Grand Hotel owns four miles of it, and you have only to stay at that comfortable house to fish those miles as much and as often as you like. Then at Martin-Église, about four miles from Dieppe, there is one of the most delightful of Norman Inns at which I have ever stayed—l'Auberge du Clos Normand—where the proprietor, M. Victor Lecour, himself a thorough sportsman, will put you up for eight or ten shillings a day, "do" you extremely well, and let you fish his three miles of river, which are teeming with trout, at the cost of what the French call "to the eye." But what I would recommend any English fisherman to do is to write to Mr. Palmer-Samborne—*la pluie et le beau temps* of Dieppe—and take his advice as to where and how to fish. Mr. Samborne is one of Dieppe's

oldest English residents. He loves the place, and wants to see it go ahead, and he never minds being "bothered." It was he who started the excellent golf links and the tennis club, and he is responsible for that capital Challenge Cup for which the Newhaven-Dieppe boat crews race every year.

Quiet Pourville

A nice little place for those who want to be quieter than Dieppe, with its big casino, etc., etc., will allow them, is Pourville, about a mile and a half away. It is a charming little spot, and boasts a capital hotel, kept by M. Gras, who is well-known to Riviera visitors as manager of the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo. Pourville is quite close to the links, and I believe that M. Gras has some trout-fishing of his own, of which he will sometimes let his customers make use. So popular has Pourville become in recent years that I was told that there is not a room left unbooked at the Grand for the month of August!

The Dieppe Casino

August, of course, is Dieppe's great month too—indeed, the Dieppe season really consists of but six weeks all told. In these six weeks, however, the Casino, still in the hands of M. Isidore Bloch, manages to net as much as £50,000. M. Bloch certainly does things well. His casino is one of the finest in France, and this year he has engaged such stars of various firmaments as Litvinne, de Féraudy, Brasseur, Max Dearly, Van Dyck, Raoul Pugno, Polin and Fragson to amuse his *clientèle*. He has quite a magnificent *baccara* room, or, rather, rooms, and the restaurant, which belongs to M. Ducourdert, of the Grand Hotel, is managed by Mr. Tillett, of the Hotel Bristol, Beaulieu, and is in consequence one of the best in Europe. At the entrance of the Casino is an American bar—really more club than bar—which is looked after by "Charlie," whom Riviera visitors will remember at the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo, and at the Carlton, at Cannes.

Answers to Queries

B. W. W.—You might get what you want at the Hotel des Roches Noires, Trouville. Write to Mr. Mannigke, the manager. Prices at Trouville are, of course, much lower in July than in August. A "thoroughly French hotel" is impossible to find at such an essentially cosmopolitan place.

"Sesame."—Why not try Dieppe? The Grand Hotel can be well recommended, and the charges are from 15 to 20 francs per day. Cheaper quarters could be had at the Hotel des Étrangers. Pourville would suit you, I think, but the Grand is full up for August. There is a smaller hotel called the Hotel des deux Routes, but I doubt whether this would be quite good enough for you. Both the golf and bathing at Dieppe are excellent.

O. H. W.—Ambleteuse, about seven miles from Boulogne, might suit you. There is capital bathing, and the Boulogne golf club is within easy reach. The Grand Hotel is quite good. Write to M. Fouquet, the proprietor, and tell him what you want. I doubt, however, whether you will get such low terms as you quote in your letter. You can get little cottages wonderfully cheap at Ambleteuse, and servants are easy to find. The place is quite primitive, and is essentially quiet. It is, however, within easy reach of Wimereux and Boulogne. Write me again if this place is not what you want.

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In Ceylon Flannel.
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Half Hose	No. 706 BV.—In Pure Spun Silk, Black, Navy, and many other choice colours, shot with contrasting colours	Usual Price. 2/6 & 2/11	**Sale Price. 2/3** pr. 6 pairs, **13/-**
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RACING: Newcastle and Sandown. By CARBINE

After Ascot

Notwithstanding the hideous affair during the race for the Gold Cup, the Ascot meeting was one of the brightest and most enjoyable that I can remember. We were all sorry for the foul mishap to Tracery, and, of course, those who had backed him declared that he would certainly have won had he not been brought down. Such assertions are very amusing, because the field had five furlongs to go when the disaster occurred, and up to that point Prince Palatine had not been called upon for a serious effort. We shall have to wait until the Jockey Club Stakes in the autumn before we can get a fair idea of the respective merits of these two great stayers. By the way, everyone was relieved to learn that the man who so sensationally brought down Tracery was only a fanatic and not a Woman's Suffrage agitator. However, these outrages are rather getting on the nerves of owners and jockeys, as well as mere racegoers.

The Pitmen's Derby

Some of the best racing of the present week will be seen at Newcastle, where one of the most popular races of the year, the Northumberland Plate, often referred to as the Pitmen's Derby, will be run on Wednesday. Old Johnny Osborne won this race last year with Mynora, and he will try to win it again with his Chester Cup horse, The Guller. Upon the Ascot form, however, I think that he and such as Wilfrid, Grave Greek, and The Tylt are held perfectly safe by **King Midas,** for whom the race looks to be something of a good thing. On the same afternoon Sir William Cooke should win the Monkchester Stakes with **Clap Gate** or **Ponnyrigg.** On Thursday **Lady Galette,** who was well backed at Ascot, may win the Newcastle Handicap, and I should not oppose **Great Surprise** for all his weight in the Gosforth Park Cup. The Seaton Delaval Plate may fall to **R. Day's Selected,** which can be made from Guiscard, Courageous, and Dark Queen.

Sandown Selections

Sandown Park is always popular, and there will be an enjoyable meeting there at the end of the week. The Sandringham Foal Stakes, the most valuable race on Friday, can be picked up by **Louvois,** but in his absence I should go for **Sanquhar.** On the same day **Giant** may win the Claremont Handicap. There is not a very important card for Saturday, the chief event being the British Dominion Plate, for which my fancy is divided between **Mira** and **Ambassador.** The Robert de Witville Handicap strikes me as being a likely sort of race for that disappointing creature, **Sobieski,** while the Atalanta Stakes should be won by **Sands of Time.**

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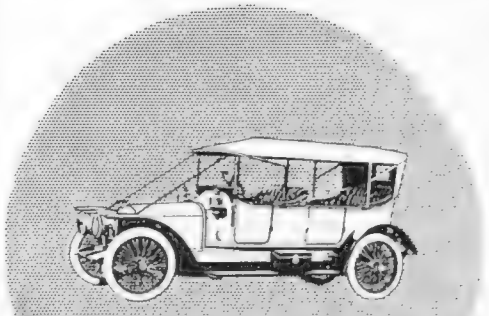

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Motoring by Land, Sea, and Sky

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

2,900 Per Cent.!

IT is reported that a student of Santa Clara University has discovered a motor fuel twice the efficiency of petrol, which is to be sold at fourpence per gallon. The "Clara" must be a misprint for Claus—the school which turned out the benevolent old gentleman who distributes fortunes as prodigally as petrol companies collect them. The dividends paid by these companies on 1912 trading range from the modest 30 per cent. of the Shell Company (plus a pile placed to depreciation and reserve, and not to mention the profits of its subsidiary companies) up to the 400 per cent. stock dividend of Standard Oil, of New York, and the 2,900 per cent. stock dividend of the Standard Oil Company, of Indiana. I hope, therefore, the student from Santa Claus University will hurry along with his miracle, although I fear he will be captured by Standard Oil before he can get clear of the country and bought up for a few score of millions, or otherwise suppressed in the interests of deserving poor shareholders.

SYMBOLS OF INDIA—MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN

A 59.9 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier car standing in front of the "Char Minar" at Hyderabad—a structure 180 ft. high, which was built in 1591 as a College of Science, and stands in the centre of the city. The modern British car by its side makes a striking contrast with it

Grinning and Bearing

Meanwhile we must still grin and bear meekly the burden placed upon us doubtless for our sins of omission. We might have seen the petrol combine coming along. We might have remembered the history of that great exponent of the doctrine that a man's fair share is all he can get—Standard Oil. We might have known that directly we were worth troubling about as consumers of oil products we should be troubled. Possibly we did know, but there were not enough of us to make a shout nor suggest a remedy. Few, if any, foresaw the extraordinary development of the internal combustion engine, nor appreciated that it would become a prime factor in the national well-being. So we may be excused our myopia, and find in the present some hope of national action that will provide us with a solution to a grave national peril. Because, quite obviously, the nation will have to intervene in order to secure control of sources of supply either of petrol or a home-made substitute. The end of a private combine that threatens to throttle a nation is sure. In the interregnum we pay 3*s*. 6*d*. per can and Standard Oil pays 2,900 per cent. stock dividend. On the whole the advantage is with the Standard Oil.

The Law of Averages

But tyre prices are down—Michelins 15 per cent. and the other big tyre companies about the same. The law of averages seems to be working, after all. When tyres and petrol went up together we were justified in our pessimism. With tyre prices down so much we begin to try over the Songs of Araby and other light-hearted things once more. Tyre cost is infinitely more important in the sum of motoring than petrol. So the average works out to our advantage by comparison with the average of the past year, although not, perhaps, with the average of three years ago. However, tyre prices are down—that is the important thing at the moment; and we can rely that quality will not suffer. The competition between tyre firms is far too keen to permit either of the big fellows reducing quality, even if they felt that way disposed. Then there's the fact of increased engine efficiency for the same or less money. We are getting greater chassis value than ever before. A present 12-horse will give us more solid satisfaction,

and, of course, a better return upon our money than an old-time forty. When you think it all out the law of averages has been operating all the time.

The Greatness of Small Cars

Present-day small car efficiency. I mean. Which reminds me of the Standard—no more than a 9.5 h.-p., but efficient with a notable efficiency. I had it out for a test run the other day, and delivered it up sadly. It is the complete runabout—two seats with a folding emergency seat—comfortable, handy, neat, and "nippy." It has four cylinders, a three-speed gear-box, and a top worm-driven back axle. An intimate relation of the large car, it is as different in externals and internals from the stupidly named cycle-car as it can well be. It looks a car and it *is* a car—sturdy for all its lightness, speedy despite its nominal power, workmanlike yet saucy, pleasant to ride and drive, and almost as economical as a motor-cycle. If you have a large car here is a change for yourself, and a very efficient tender for casual work. If you are considering a small car, this is decidedly one you must consider. The whole thing complete, with all accessories comes out at no more than £185.

THE VAUXHALL IN INDIA

A 20 h.-p. model of the "Victorious" in India. The bullock's head pushing into the picture indicates the existence of a native bullock cart in the rear. The vehicle in the picture and the vehicle that just fails to get into the picture make an excellent study in modes of road transport

In Compression

Pirelli tyres have once again come into prominence through their recent successes in several big events. Nazarro, for example, used them on the car which so finely won in the Targa Florio. Boillot used them at La Sarthe, and his car, run at 93 m.p.h., won in the racing class. Pirellis again shod the winner of the touring class at the same meeting. The tyre, indeed, has proved itself under all conditions as, in a notable degree, a tyre of reliability and economy. In short, Pirellis are more than maintaining their high position in the international market.

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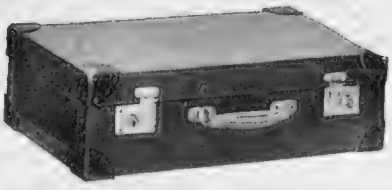

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Width ,, ...	14	14	15	16
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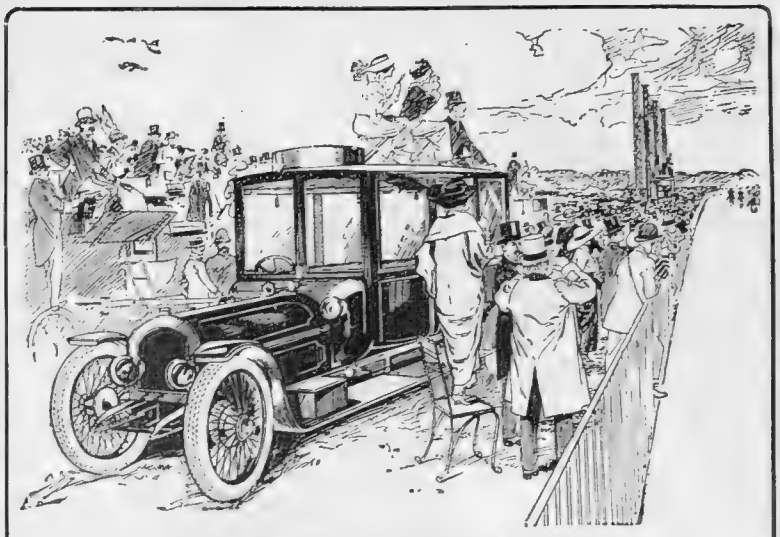

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ATTRACTIVE as the Bargains always are at our Great Annual Clearances, we intend that those offered at this Sale shall eclipse anything in way of Value-giving we have ever before attempted. Surplus stocks in every department, consisting of high-class goods of all kinds (for which our Regent Street House is famous) have been marked at prices that cannot fail to appeal to the bargain-loving public. We illustrate three examples of the many extraordinary bargains to be offered in the Mantle Department.

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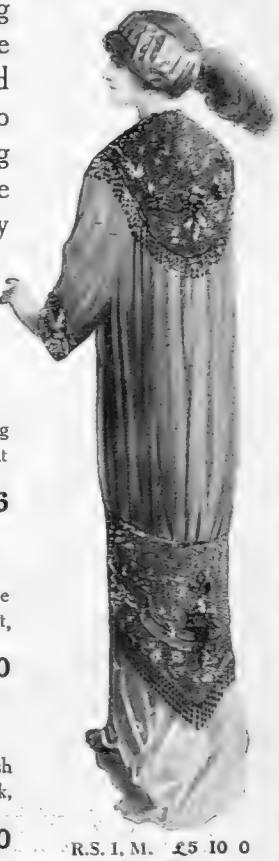

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Ray v. Duncan

It is difficult to write with patience about the match between Ray and Duncan. A more brilliant example of the right thing in the wrong place could not be found. Here we have two men, the one the champion, the other his most dangerous rival, set to cut each other's throats just a fortnight before the decision of the Open Championship. What the backers of the two men can have been about in devising the match at such a time passes comprehension. Granted that the engagements of the two men made it difficult to bring off the match at a date subsequent to the Championship, the obvious considerations of the case should have called the match off if the only available date was just previous to the Championship. At any other time such a match would have caused intense interest. But with all due regard for Walton Heath and Sunningdale as fine and testing inland courses, it must be said that for a match between two such brilliant players the only proper battle-grounds would be four Championship courses, two Scottish and two English, such as St. Andrews, Prestwick, Hoylake, and St. George's, Sandwich. It may be hoped that the halved result at Walton Heath and Sunningdale will encourage the backers of the two men to arrange a match on these courses for them at some convenient dates in the autumn of this year or the early spring of next year.

A Good Test

The match itself leaves things *in statu quo*. Each held a lead at one time of three holes, and the remarkable thing is that no sooner had either of them established such a commanding advantage than he promptly lost it in the next few holes. Their scores, approximately, at Walton Heath were: Ray 155 and Duncan 156, while at Sunningdale each took 153. It is a matter of history that Ray saved the match by taking the last hole at Sunningdale in three, when Duncan was dormy one and safe for a four. There was a strong wind to test the players on each day, and the scores show that the two courses are remarkably even tests of first-class play. I am glad that the players ended all square. It is a pity that such splendid material should have been wasted at such an inauspicious moment.

The Midland and Yorkshire Championships

Hearty congratulations go to Mr. Woolley and Mr. Lassen for winning these two events. Mr. Woolley just got home a stroke ahead of Mr. Carr. These two may well be called the Castor and Pollux of the Midlands, for they are inseparable in golf, and in private life. Mr. Lassen's success again proves he is the best player in the county of broad acres.

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The Bystander, June 25, 1913

THE

BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED

No. 499.—Vol. XXXVIII. Wednesday, June 25, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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adjoining and overlooking the remains of the Old Castle and grounds, and forming one boundry is a sheet of ornamental water, being PART OF THE OLD MOAT; carriage drive, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms, conservatory.

FINE BILLIARD HALL (29FT. 9IN. BY 21FT. 4IN.),

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Displayed lawn with fountain. Fine old timber trees, 2 kitchen gardens, vinery and nectarine houses. Useful paddocks, in all nearly 3 acres. (Portion Leasehold.)

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The pleasure grounds contain a quantity of ornamental forest timber and slope to the river; there are tennis and croquet lawns, large rock garden sloping to the lake, which comprises about 2 acres, walled kitchen garden and greenhouses, the remainder of the Property being rich feeding land, in all about 18 ACRES. To be OFFERED, by AUCTION, on JULY 15 next, at the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, W.—Solicitors, Messrs. PHILLIPS, EVANS and Co., Stamford; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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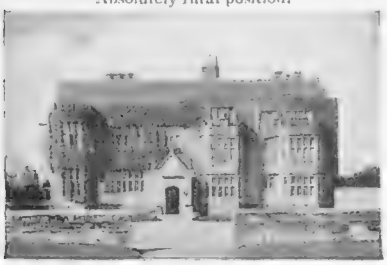

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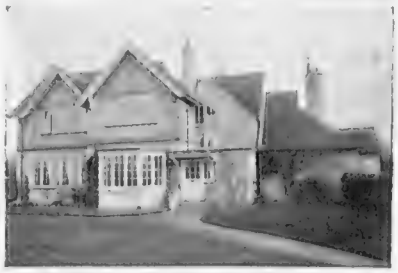

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Entrance hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices.

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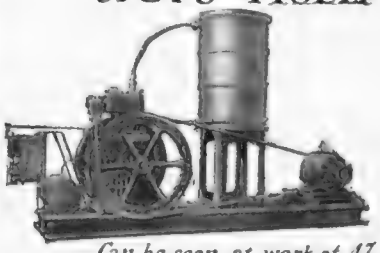

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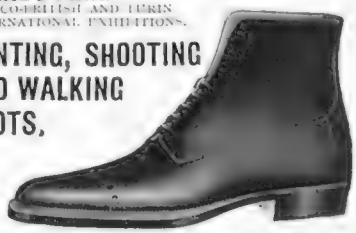

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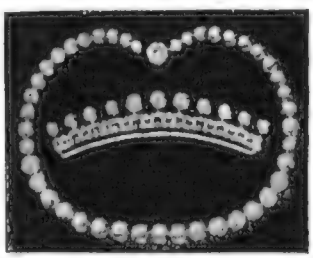

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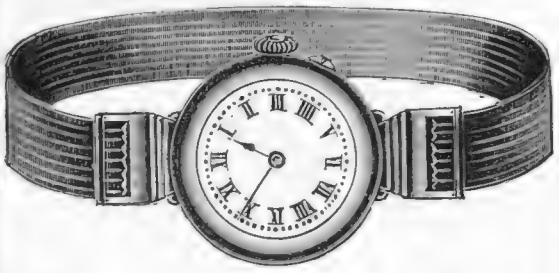

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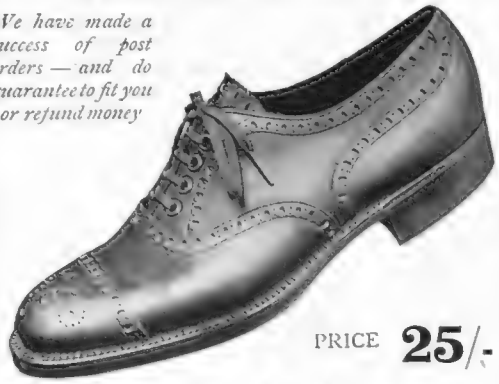

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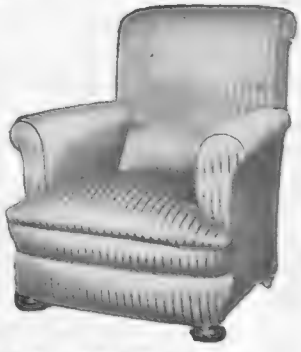

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That personal touch is everywhere in their business.

MODERATE PRICES.

Morning Coat and Vest	from	£3 3s.
Jacket Suit - - -	,,	£3 3s.
Dress Suit (Silk Lined)	,,	£4 4s.
Overcoat - - - -	,,	£2 15s.
Norfolk and Knickers	,,	£3 3s.
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Patterns, Booklet and Self-Measurement Form post free on application.

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ALEXANDER BOGUSLAVSKY, LTD., are the greatest masters of tobacco-blending, and there are no cigarettes of comparable quality to theirs made in this country.

THERE are Boguslavsky Cigarettes to suit all tastes, and in order that ladies and gentlemen may select the brand which exactly meets their taste, every facility for making a satisfactory choice at leisure is offered at the smoking salons at the West-End depôts, 3, Sackville St., and 55, Piccadilly.

The following are heartily recommended:

For TURKISH Cigarette Smokers:

THE TURF.			WHITE EAGLE.		
Per Box of 25	50	100	Per Box of 25	50	100
Petit Format 1/9	3/6	7/-	Bouquet No. 2 2/6	5/-	10/-
"High Life" 2/-	4/-	8/-	Can be had gold-tipped, 1/- per 100 extra.		

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If these Cigarettes, which we recommend, do not give satisfaction, money will be refunded or the Cigarettes exchanged.

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Alexander Boguslavsky LTD

Sole Manufacturers & Proprietors of these

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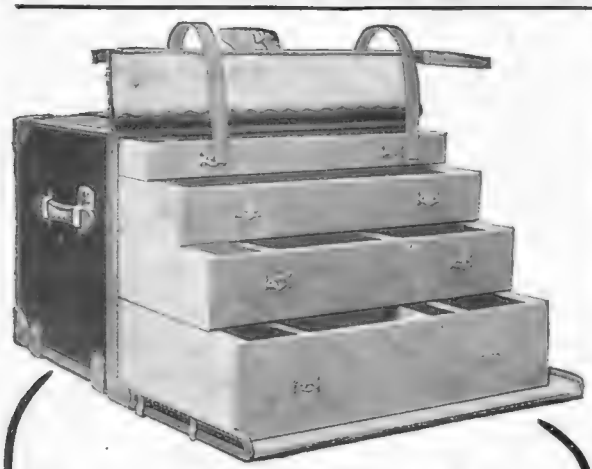
3, Sackville St., or from 55, Piccadilly, London, W.



FOOT'S TRUNKS

NO CRUSHING. NO CONFUSION.

The Bottom of our Patent "EUREKA" Trunk is as accessible as the Top. Any article is instantly get-at-able, and can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Separate compartments for Linen, Under and Outer Garments, Articles of Toilet, Hats, Boots, etc. It carries garments in perfect order, and economises space by the systematic method of packing. No rummaging for clothes—no heavy trays to lift. Drawers divided to suit customers' requirements.

Made in Four Qualities and Six Sizes.

Prices from 60/-

Booklet, "Trunks for Travellers No. 22," Free.

Sole Makers: J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.

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ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE EFFECTED.

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CHALMERS

This Label on every Garment. →

TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG U.S. PAT. OFF

GUARANTEED

Insist on the Label, as there are Imitations on the Market.

POROSKNIT

is guaranteed to fit you perfectly, and being made of non-irritant fabric, is found very comfortable to the skin; its open texture permits of thorough ventilation, thereby evaporating the hot perspiration first absorbed by the soft elastic "Porosknit" fabric.

There is only one underwear that is "Porosknit" If it hasn't the label shown in the illustration above, it is *not* "Porosknit." Someone is misleading you.

Begin enjoying "Porosknit" comfort *to-day.*

In sizes 34in. to 42in.

Ask your Hosier or Outfitter.

2/6 per garment—all sizes

Long and Short Sleeve Shirts | Knee and Ankle Length Drawers

Guarantee—Replacement or repayment for any "Porosknit" garment not giving satisfaction.

If any difficulty in obtaining from your Outfitter, write—

Sole Selling Agents for the Chalmers Knitting Co. **A. MERCHANT & CO., 15, New Union St., Moor Lane, London, E.C.,** who supply the Wholesale.

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

Brit. Pat. 15761 Brit. T. M. 317605

YOU are particular about many details of dress and appearance; but perhaps you have not thought how important it is to keep your socks up snug and trim.

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

will do this for you, and without the least discomfort.

Aside from the added neatness of your appearance, Paris Garters will give you that comfortable feeling of knowing that you are properly attired.

At Outfitters and Hosiers, 1/- and 2/6 per pair.

The wholesale supplied by

A. Merchant & Co., 15 New Union St., Moor Lane, **London, E.C.**

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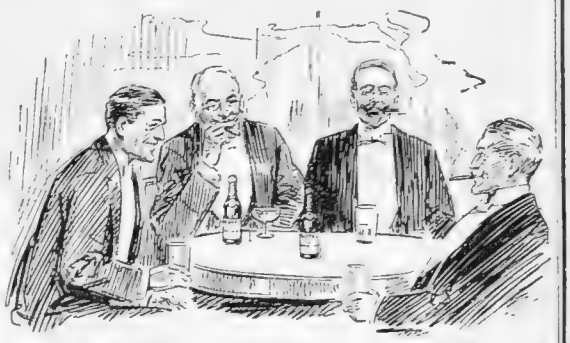

Champagne for some "Ross" for others

In club and hotel—wherever men foregather—Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale is chosen for the same reason as champagne———and often *instead* of champagne.

ROSS'S

Belfast Ginger Ale

Made with the famous Ross Belfast Artesian well water and choicest ingredients, and *bottled* in Belfast—"Ross" has all the "life" of champagne without the alcohol; and like champagne it is as acceptable to the system as to the palate.

Blends perfectly with spirits. "Ross" Soda Water has the same natural blending excellence.

"Royal Belfast" is the original Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale—the one which made the name of "Ross" world-famous

"Belfast Dry" is exactly the same high quality as "Royal Belfast," but slightly drier to meet the English taste.

W. A. ROSS & SONS Ltd.

Sole Manufactory, BELFAST.

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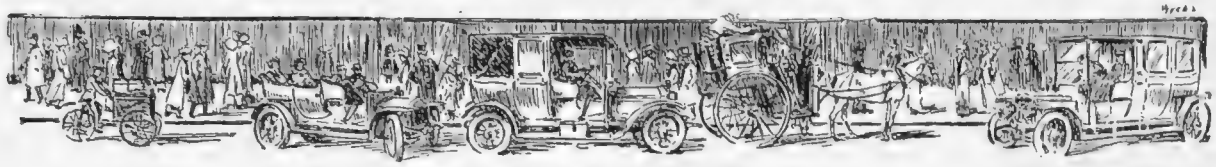
13/25

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

The Contrasting Coat

I HAD occasion to run over to Ostend last week, and returned with the settled conviction that a point of great elegance was being struck by the contrasting coat. Not so much in silk with the *lingerie* gown as with woolland and cotton. Strolling leisurely in the Digue I remarked a *vraie élégante* wearing a very pale fawn-coloured *côte de cheval* skirt, the colour really of delicate *suède*, surmounted by a semi-fitting perfectly plain navy coat, very much cut away in front, a simple panama hat of sports character, completed by an all-over lace veil, finishing the costume.

In Stone-Grey

Again, a warm stone-grey *côte de cheval* coat was to be seen allied to a navy skirt, the coat in this case being rather straight and short, essentially of the moment. There is small need for me to point out the economy represented in this interchange of coats and skirts, quite an elaborate scheme of dressing being possible, with two or three costumes and one or two white skirts. An idea, *chères amies* for the coming summer exodus, with its attendant curtailed luggage accommodation.

The Larger Hat

And one other thing I learnt at Ostend, and that was the growing preference for the larger hat. A young girl at the Kursaal looked bewitching in a white frock, arranged with a short tunic embroidered in shades of petunia and blue, really Impressionist colours, and a shady black hat, a white split osprey adorning the upper brim at the right side outlining the extreme edge, a similar osprey finishing the left side beneath the brim. A companion who looked the perfection of coolness in a navy blue *mousseline de soie*, the bodice veiling some shadowy white lace, and cut very *décolleté*, also wore a large black hat trimmed with light *bouillonnées* of black *tulle*, a glorious natural paradise standing up at the back. By contrast and familiarity the small close-fitting hats appealed as almost *démodé*. But then, of course, the two examples I have described were quite singularly *chic* and clearly very expensive.

A WHITE FLANNEL COSTUME

For the river, which has the appearance of having been made with white suède. It is especially serviceable for punting, the skirt having a device whereby it may temporarily be turned into a divided one

(Sketched at Burberry's, Haymarket, by Dorothy Millar)

What About Henley?

Will the present season see this delightful river race-week revived in all its old glories? Given good weather, the fates will probably see that it is. Anyway, there is a good deal of significant talking about dress for Henley. Schemes for river dresses at Burberry's have been thought out with infinite care and discretion, and comprise a coat and skirt, petticoat, blouse, and hat, and, if desired, a parasol. For these suits Burberry is using white flannel, though, as goes without saying, quite different to anyone else's flannel. As a matter of fact, theirs is brightly finished and looks more like a smooth *suède* cloth. The costume we have commandeered for a sketch is built of it, and is absolutely irresistible.

The skirt, in particular, is overflowing with surprises. At the waist it is gathered slightly over the

COPIES OF OLD ENGLISH CHINTZES.

THE EXOTIC BIRD CHINTZ, 1/11 per yard.

Mr. Phillips has a large collection of reproductions of Old English Chintzes reproduced from genuine old specimens in his possession. The patterns copied are quite original and unlike the stock designs of drapers and upholsterers. Samples on application.

PHILLIPS, THE MANOR HOUSE, HITCHIN.

Rowland's Odonto for the TEETH

Removes Tartar and ensures a **Pearl-like** whiteness to the enamelled surface.

Arrests Decay, induces healthy action of the gums, and causes them to assume the brightness and colour indicative of perfect soundness.

Sold in 2/9 boxes by Stores and Chemists.

A. ROWLAND & SONS,
67 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

THE BEST GIFT IS A PICTURE.

Pictures stand without a rival in their fitness for beautifying the home, for Gifts, for Birthday Presents, for Wedding Presents, and for Presents generally. We always have a very large and varied stock of carefully selected pictures, all of which are artistically framed.

Write for our New Catalogue.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, W.C.

BURBERRY

GOWNS FOR SUMMER embody every requisite that contributes to comfort and enjoyment of outdoor pastimes. They aid dexterity in sport and games by ensuring absolute freedom, whilst at the same time they impart inimitable distinction and grace.

BURBERRY FABRICS provide an almost unlimited choice of airylight cloths—artistic in colourings and original in patterns—which, woven and proofed by Burberrys, afford efficient security against weather vicissitudes, and ensure perfect ventilation.

Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns of Burberry Materials Post Free.

Burberry Gown

A typical Burberry design, simple, cool, graceful and in exquisite taste, yet thoroughly practical as regards comfort and protection.

BURBERRYS Haymarket, LONDON;

8 & 10, Bd. Malesherbes, PARIS; and Provincial Agents.

hips, and buttons back and front from the hem nearly to the knees. Now here comes an ingenious idea for punting. When these apertures are unbuttoned and the back and front united by means of press studs, a divided skirt is temporarily formed. Worn ordinarily, however, no one would suspect this subterfuge.

A Simple Coat

The coat is commendably simple, the back just lightly held to the figure by a half band, placed at a slightly high waistline, pierced bone buttons, and a handkerchief pocket completing the decorative detail. And accompanying the suit is a smart hat fashioned of unfadable pale blue silk. It is a hat of supremely good *ligne*, the brim sweeping sharply upwards and ornamented at one side with a lovely mingled feather mount. Also carried out in this same blue silk is a neat tailor-made shirt and a particularly clean fitting petticoat of the well-known Urber silk that is absolutely weather proof. Probably the sketch will reveal a peep of the *plissé* frill, which imparts so dainty a finish to the hem. For summer wraps Burberry is making a feature of some unlined inexpensive Shantung coats, beautifully cut and most elegant affairs, the scale gradually ascending until there is reached those exquisite Melody silks than which nothing more perfect has ever been produced by a weaving process.

Japanese Kimonos

There is never any half-heartedness in the manner in which a subject is attacked at Tottenham House, everything being gone into and investigated with the greatest care and forethought, so that no matter the quest, complete confidence can be felt that at Shoolbreds the best, and nothing but the best will be forthcoming, a fact that is brought into notable evidence at the moment in the large and varied assortment that obtains in dainty Japanese kimonos. It is quite safe to visit the outfitting department, where these pretty things are to be found, with some firm settled desire in mind, because there is no style and type of kimono lacking from the supply, the choice starting off with some pretty little cotton *crêpe* models, orthodox in every respect, at 6*s.* 11*d.*, and ranging up to the most desirable embroidered *crêpe* expressions at 4 gns.

A JAPANESE KIMONO

Designed in crêpe with a flight of black and white storks on a blue and white ground, and a telling contrast in the red beaks of the birds

(Sketched at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, by Dorothy Millar)

A Dainty Model

The gap, however, between these two sums is most satisfactorily filled with many varieties, not the least attractive being the example sketched. This particular kimono is of figured *crêpe*, the design a flight of black and white storks on a blue and white ground of Japanese character, a slight, but a telling touch of colour contrast occurs in the birds' red beaks. As will be seen from the picture, in outline, this wrapper conforms in every way to the recognised kimono style, even to the sash, which effects a charming finish to the waist, the whole garment being lined through with Japanese silk, and yet the price asked is modest enough at 39*s.* 6*d.*

A Summer Sale

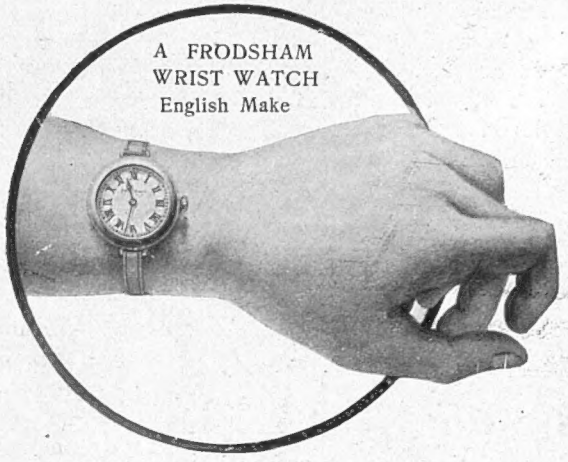
On June 21 the special summer sale at Messrs. Richard Sands and Co., 187a, 188a, and 189a, Sloane Street, S.W., commenced with a view to reducing all stock to make room for next season's goods. The reductions are genuine ones in every department (no special purchases being made for sale purposes whatsoever), and in many cases the goods are offered at prices considerably under cost.

In 187a hats and robes for all occasions will be reduced, and hats for golfing and yachting will be specially reduced to 9*s.* 11*d.* In 188a veiling remnants, feather boas, and ruffles are the feature, with lace-edged handkerchiefs from 1*s.* 11½*d.* the half-dozen. Drop-stitch and plain Lisle hose in black and all the new colours at 10*s.* the half-dozen pairs, and very fine spun silk hose, with Lisle feet and tops, at 2*s.* 11½*d.* per pair are worth mentioning. In 189a blouses, petticoats, and *lingerie* are all greatly reduced.

Chas. FRODSHAM & Co. Ltd.

(Watchmakers by Appt. to H.M. the KING)

115, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



ENGLISH WRISTLET WATCHES.

An 18-carat Gold Keyless English Lever Watch with pigskin (or any leather) wristlet and gold buckle .. Price £12 12 0
In 9-carat Gold .. .. ,, £9 9 0
An 18-carat Gold Watch with 18-carat gold flexible expansion bracelet (both watch and bracelet of English make) .. .. Price £21 0 0
A similar 18-carat Gold Watch with 15-carat gold flexible expansion bracelet (English throughout) .. Price £18 18 0

Gold Swiss Watches with leather wristlet straps .. from £5 10 0
Gold Swiss Watches with gold flexible expansion bracelets ,, £8 8 0
Bracelet Watches set with diamonds, pearls, etc., always in stock.

FRODSHAM SPEEDOMETERS
AT 17, DERING ST., NEW BOND ST., W.

SHOOLBRED'S

Sports Shirts

842.—Smartly cut Sports Shirt with low neck and set in sleeve. Smartly stitched and finished with pocket and large buttons.

ALL SIZES:

In Jap Silk .. **13/9** | In Mat **7/9**
In Muslin.. .. **7/9** | In Linen **8/9**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

One Word With You

"Pears"

JUST THAT ONE

WHAT a great fact it embodies! It represents a history of a Hundred and Twenty-Four Years, and a world-wide service in the cause of skin-health and skin-beauty.

TO eminent analysts and doctors the word means *absolute purity* and perfect emollience; to the leading beauties of several generations it has meant the boon of a lovely complexion; and to every man, woman and child who uses it to-day it means all that a perfect soap can mean—

AND IT

Costs only a penny a week!

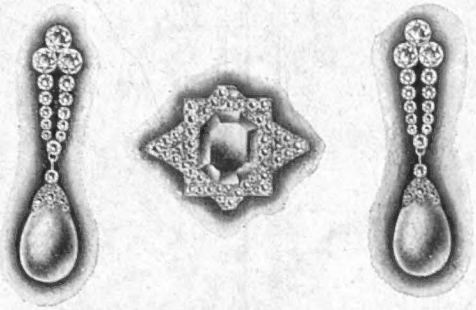
Fashion's Latest Fancies

WHAT an alluring spot is that tortuous little thoroughfare—Bond Street, than which, perhaps, there is none in this wonderful city of ours more full of interest for those on shopping bent. And just now it has responded to the call of summer-time in its own inimitable style. From eleven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon its carriage-way and its pavements are thronged with a light-hearted, leisurely-moving company. There is no unseemly haste to pass shop windows, and Bond Street is as full of shop windows as each is full of Fashion's Fancies.

Turning into Bond Street from Piccadilly a few days ago, I felt an irresistible temptation to linger before the charming *façade* of the Tecla establishment at No. 7. Entering, I found the promise of the window amply fulfilled. The interior, with its pearl-tinted carpet and its delicate creamy grey walls, broken here and there with white pilasters and French medallions, suggests more a *salon* of the Louise Seize period than a jeweller's showroom—albeit, truly fitting environment for the delightful jewellery there to be found.

Among the many excellent things shown me were the two ornaments illustrated. The ring, perfectly proportioned and superbly finished, is a little masterpiece of jewel-work worthy of any possessor,—the flashing brilliance of real diamonds set in platinum being relieved by the deep mysterious green glow of a Tecla emerald.

The second illustration shows one of a variety of styles in the now fashionable drop-earrings. Tecla cream pear-shaped pearls, diamonds of pure light and platinum are combined into a design of exquisite symmetry and grace of line. There is about it a quiet attractiveness that is really charming.



There are also many fine specimens in pendants, necklaces, brooches—in fact, every ornament of the lady of fashion is represented; but it is impossible to describe them in crude words; one has to see a Tecla gem—be it pearl, ruby, sapphire, or emerald—glimmering in its beautiful setting before one can realise the exceeding beauty and perfection of these products of science, practically indistinguishable from the natural gems. An hour or two given up to examining the exhibits of this famous French house will be voted time profitably spent by all who love jewellery for its intrinsic charm and beauty.

No Woman is Incurably Plain

—and it should be the instinct and pleasure of every woman to look as beautiful as possible.

Mr. Ross Hutton

Photo by Hardee, 14 & 15, Conduit St., W.

can painlessly treat women so that they can discard rouge, eyebrow pencils and most of the usual toilet preparations, and *immediately and permanently* acquire the beautiful bloom of youth that indicates perfect health. To those returning from the East with complexions spoiled by the tropical sun, Mr. Ross Hutton's treatment is invaluable.

At his consulting rooms he has a model so treated as to prove beyond the possibility of doubt the great value of his treatment.

You are invited to call or write.

MR. ROSS HUTTON,
58, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place,
LONDON, W.

SWIFT.

SURE.

Think how much nicer some of your dresses will look if they are cleaned by ACHILLE SERRE!

Dresses you have worn only a few times may be soiled or disfigured by accident. They are not dirty perhaps, but lack the fresh daintiness which was one of their principal charms when new. Keep them up to their original standard by having them thoroughly cleaned and "refinished" in the "Achille Serre Way." This will remove all stains and marks of wear without risk of injury and in Four Days.

Our New Booklet, "When the Sun Shines," contains prices and addresses of London and Provincial Branches. *Write for a copy — it's free.*

Achille Serre Ltd.
Hackney Wick, London.
Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK IN HOT WEATHER

A glass of Horlick's Malted Milk contains all the unrivalled nutritive qualities of pure full-cream milk and the choicest malted barley and wheat, and the delicious natural flavour makes it a most welcome food-beverage at all times.

At Breakfast, Lunch, and Tea-time, Horlick's is a delicious addition to the Menu, and gives necessary nourishment in a light and palatable form.

As a beverage before retiring, Horlick's, taken hot, will induce restful sleep, and correct Insomnia.

A GLASS OF "HORLICK'S" WITH A DASH OF SODA IS THE IDEAL DRINK FOR SUMMER SPORTS,

Motorists, and for Boating or Picnic Parties, &c.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH HOT OR COLD WATER ONLY. NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED. SERVED in HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, and CLUB HOUSES.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK LUNCH TABLETS.
A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth.

Of all Chemists & Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at **1/6, 2/6, &11/-**
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

"ATLAS"

SHIRTS - - 3/6 to 21/-
PYJAMAS - 6/6 to 45/-
Guaranteed Unshrinkable

"ATLAS" Shirts are the most comfortable and the smartest negligé shirts made; they are exactly suited to the demands of golf, boating and motoring.

In many styles and colourings, and in all weights for all climates. "Atlas" Shirts and Pyjamas can be bought at all high-class Hosiers.

If any difficulty write direct to R. R. BUCK & SONS, Atlas Works, Carlisle; 12 Gresham St., London, E.C.

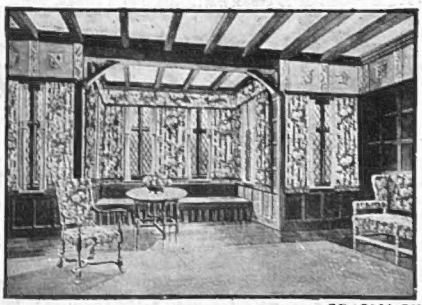
ESTABLISHED 1852.

Ask your Hosier for "ATLAS"

The Home Beautiful

The 1913 Edition of this interesting book, published by WILLIAMSON & COLE, Ltd., is the most up-to-date Guide on Furnishing. Post free upon application.

Curtain & Loose Cover Specialists.



The Finest Selection of Plain & Printed Casement Cloths, including all makes of Cotton, Wool, Mohair, and Silk, in the newest designs & colourings, from 5½d. per yd.

"Sunpruf" UNFADABLE FABRICS

"The Fabrics of To-Day."

SPECIAL GUARANTEE: All "Sunpruf" Fabrics are absolutely unfadable to sun, sea air and washing, and Williamson & Cole, Ltd. will replace any "Sunpruf" material that fails to meet this guarantee.

Cretonnes, Chintzes and Taffetas in unique designs and colourings to suit all decorations at lowest quotations
Delightful Range of Applique and Bordered Curtains.
Patterns post free upon application.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W. when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

Madame ELVIRA,
SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,
4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.
(Under Royal Patronage). Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

"I am Safe Anywhere."

"My employers trust me in any position! They can rely upon me not to 'spoil the show.' For I am Onoto . . . the safety pen that is really safe."

Miss Simplicity.

OnotoPen

the "hit" among pens.

Price **10/6** and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., 215, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.

The Menu: Summer Drinks

Ice Cream Sodas

Put into a long soda-water tumbler a good tablespoonful of any fruit syrup to taste, and the same of well-whipped and iced cream, flavoured with vanilla, also some pieces of ice, and fill up with iced soda-water. A plain sugar and water syrup can be used instead of the fruit syrup, adding coffee essence to taste.

Barley Water

Juice of four lemons with the rind, ¼ lb. of pearl barley, 1 or 2 ozs. of loaf sugar, three quarts of boiling water. Well wash the barley in a little cold water. Peel the rind of the lemons very thin. Pour the boiling water on to all the ingredients. When cold, strain off and serve.

Pineapple Lemonade

Pare and grate a ripe pineapple, and pour over this the strained juice of five lemons; make a syrup with 1 lb. of sugar and one pint of water boiled together for ten minutes, mix all the ingredients, and add one quart of water, strain through muslin, put into well-corked bottles, and keep in a cool place; when serving, pour it over broken ice, and put a cherry in each glass. The above keeps some months, if tightly corked down.

Lemon Syrup

Peel the rind thinly, use the juice of sixteen small lemons, 6 lbs. of granulated sugar, two quarts of water, 2 ozs. of tartaric acid. Pour the water when boiling on to the rind, juice, and sugar. Cover it over, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Next day add the tartaric acid and strain. Let it stand another twenty-four hours. Bottle and keep in a cool place.

Hock Cup

One bottle of hock, one and a half bottles of soda-water, big lump of ice, borage or slices of cucumber peel and lemon, one glass of brandy, one liqueur glass of curaçoa, one glass of Benedictine, and one of yellow Chartreuse (if liked). Let the mixture stand for a few minutes. Then remove the cucumber and lemon, and add a few fresh strawberries.

Iced Coffee

To each quart of strong black hot coffee add half a pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, and when cold add half a pint of thick cream. Ice in the freezing machine, and then place in a large jug in a pan of freezing salt, and cover with a blanket. The coffee should be freshly roasted and made as strong as for after dinner coffee. Serve in small cups with a spoonful of whipped cream on each.

EMILIA

Beauty and Worth in Fruit

Have you ever noticed how frequently the word "fruit" is used as the emblem of success, and all that is good and pleasurable? People speak of "efforts that bore good fruit," of "the fruits of their labours," and many more phrases indicative of the fact that fruit is the most desired of all objects. Foremost amongst the fruits of the earth is the grape, the history and literature of which are replete in interest. The richest and best grapes are grown in Greece. There, in the full gaze of a southern sun, the vine flourishes, and its fruit is filled with that delicious sweetness which only the sun can give. Those same grapes are always in our midst. Everybody knows the Greek Currant. The Currant is the best and most nutritive food the world produces. The Grecian sun produces the fruit, and then dries it. Thus do we get a double share of sunshine in the Currant. Analysts and leading doctors give specific reasons why the little fruit is so beneficial, and the chief one is because it contains so large a share of grape-sugar, the best of all nutriments.

China & Glass —Furnishing.

. . Whatever the need—an entire furnishing of the home with China and Glass—a single Service—a single Piece either for household use or ornament—you will find it thoroughly well met at PEARCE'S.

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. . A visit to our Showrooms (Three Spacious Floors with Hydraulic Lift) is cordially invited. If unable to call—write for details and Leaflets regarding any particular Pieces or Services you may be requiring.

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WOODBINE BLEND—very delicate and dry—highly recommended by the medical faculty for Gout and Rheumatism. Thousands of testimonials.

"Whiteway's Cyders" may be obtained from leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Licensed Grocers, both "Sparkling" and "Still." "Sweet" and "Dry," at from 4/- per doz. Champagne pints upwards, and 7/6 per doz. Champagne quarts upwards. Draught Cyders in convenie t size casks for family use also supplied.

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